

MEN BEST SHOW THEIR CHARACTER IN TRIFLES, WHEN THEY ARE NOT ON THEIR GUARD.—Schopenhauer.

The BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1895

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

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HURRICANE TIMBER SCALE EXPLAINED

"Now that the prices which the government will pay for white pine logs thrown by the hurricane have been announced," said E. W. Tinker, acting Chief, United States Forest Service, in charge of the Emergency work in New England, "I am willing to bet that one question that is being asked every Town Committee is, 'What is this International One Quarter Inch Rule which is the one that will be used in the scaling of all logs to be bought by the government?'"

Mr. Tinker continued, "When we started to study scaling of New England logs we found that several rules were in use in the various States. In Maine we found the Holland and the Saco River rules in use, in New Hampshire the Blodgett, and in Vermont the Humphrey. We realized at once that we could not use all these rules and after much study decided on the International quarter inch rule as being one eminently fair to producer and purchaser. The term quarter inch merely means that the log scale when first figured was based on mill studies where a saw one quarter inch thick was used in sawing the lumber.

"I give, for the information of those who do not know the International rule," said Mr. Tinker, "a comparison of it with other rules in common use in the New England hurricane area. These comparisons are based on 16 foot logs and the diameters given are taken on the small end of the log inside the bark.

Dia-	Inter-	Saco	Blod-	Hum-
meter	na-	River	ett	phrey
6	20	26	26	24
8	40	49	43	43
10	65	75	66	66
12	95	108	92	96
14	135	147	123	130
16	180	192	157	170
18	230	249	197	217
20	290	280	240	267
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

"It will be noted," said Mr. Tinker, "that there is some variation in these several log rules and further that although the International rule shows less board feet for the small diameters, it shows more board feet, in all cases, for the larger diameters. This is much more noticeable in logs over the 20-inch class.

"We do not know how many logs we are going to get but do feel that by offering to buy all logs that meet our specification, hurricane sufferers will be doubly protected in that log price setting will insure the people of New England a fair return on their logs and, as we plan to hold these logs over a period of years releasing them gradually, the lumber market will not be disrupted.

"I do feel that people holding growing timber, which was not windthrown, should refrain from putting such logs on the market. The government, of course, will buy only hurricane thrown logs. It is our hope to help the people who suffered a timber loss through the wind storm. I believe that those who were fortunate enough not to be affected by the big blow should cooperate with their less fortunate neighbors by keeping their logs off the market," concluded Mr. Tinker.

He also said, "Incomplete reports give us the information that already 63 ponds and five dry storage areas have been approved.

"By states, Maine reports 20 ponds with a capacity of 38 million; New Hampshire reports storage available for 87 million in 12 ponds and one dry storage area; Rhode Island offers four ponds and three dry storage spots to store 28 million feet; Connecticut can so far store 100 million in 23 bodies of water and Massachusetts has reported four ponds where 23 million

BOOK WEEK AT BETHEL LIBRARY

The Library Reading Room was filled to capacity last Wednesday evening with patrons and friends who gathered to hear Miss Barr, Librarian of the Lewiston Public Library. The speaker used a printed list as the basis of a very interesting and informal talk on the books chosen and the Library will undoubtedly be busy supplying the demand for those the guest speaker heartily recommended.

The gathering was held under the auspices of the Book Committee of the Library Board. Dr. F. E. Hanscom, President of the Board, presided and introduced the speaker. The room was decorated with winter bouquets kindly lent by members of the Garden Club and was cheerful with a good fire in the big fireplace. A display of new books recently purchased by the Committee was made on the two reading-room tables. Notable among the new books was a set in 19 volumes of the New World Encyclopedia given in memory of W. J. Upson by Mrs. Upson, a very valuable addition to the reference books of the library. An exhibit of work by Grades V to VIII of the Grammar School, prepared by Miss Gwendolyn Stearns, attracted much attention. After the address an informal time was spent by the visitors, who met Miss Barr and also examined the new books and the school children's exhibit. The Librarian, Mrs. H. M. Farwell, and Mrs. S. N. Blackwood, Chairman of the Book Committee, are to be congratulated on the success of the gathering which was held in observance of National Book Week.

APPLE TREE POOL ANNOUNCED

Commissioner of Agriculture Frank P. Washburn stated at Augusta recently that Maine would again operate an apple pool and he urged all fruit growers interested in the pool to place their order at the very earliest moment.

The growers in the hurricane areas will be selecting a large number of trees soon and if Maine growers are to get the best quality tree the selection must be made while there is still a comparatively large stock from which to choose, said Washburn.

Orders for stock may be sent to the county agent or to the Department of Agriculture. These orders will be turned over to the State Horticulturist, who will select the best possible stock from nurseries.

ALLEGED VIOLATORS FOREST CLOSURE FACE CHARGES

Seventeen alleged violators of the National Forest ban appeared Saturday before United States Commissioner John W. Stanley of Concord, N. H., and he found just cause for binding them over for the next meeting of the United States District Court of the District of New Hampshire which meets at Concord on Dec. 13. The alleged trespassers were residents of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Forest Supervisor C. L. Graham of Laconia, N. H., pointed out that violations of the closure of the White Mountain National Forest made convicted parties liable to a fine of not more than \$500.00 or one year imprisonment, or both.

feet may be stored. The Vermont report has not arrived as yet.

Town	Name of Pond	Est. Storage
Brownfield	Rattlesnake	2,000,000
Denmark	Granger	3,000,000
Fryeburg	Bog	4,000,000
Fryeburg	Old River	5,000,000
Hiram	Barker	2,000,000
Lovell	Garry	2,000,000
Norway	Little Pennesseewassee	2,000,000
Porter	Spectacle	1,250,000
Sweden	Webber	2,000,000
Total	Estimated Storage	23,250,000

STATE OF MAINE

Proclamation by the Governor

Though mankind has fostered the frequent giving of thanks individually there is a day in each year set apart as a National holiday on which we should show solemn gratitude to an all-kind Providence, as did the Pilgrims in 1621 when bountiful harvests had come as a reward for their labors. While its origin was in New England, celebrated by religious services in the churches, it has come to be one of National observance and regularly appointed by the President of the United States.

It is on this occasion that we are privileged as a nation to offer thanks to God for His divine goodness; an opportunity when as a righteous people we should be eager to join hands and hearts and in prayerful thanksgiving acknowledge the blessings that have been ours. We should avail ourselves of the right in this land, endowed with independence and freedom, to give worshipful praise for the gifts bestowed.

In the midst of our thanksgiving observance this year we would not be amiss in adding supplication for those of nations torn by war or internal strife; in beseeching that the American spirit of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God become more universal, and that out of the chaos that now endures there will come lasting peace throughout the world.

It is our desire to lend patriotic thought to the day we may display the Flag as further evidence of our remembrance and appreciation—a tribute to the memory of those whose courage achieved the America of today.

Therefore, I, Lewis C. Barrows, Governor of Maine, in accordance with an act of Congress, and in keeping with the proclamation of the President of the United States setting apart the last Thursday of the month of November as National Thanksgiving, do hereby proclaim Thursday, November 24, 1938, as

THANKSGIVING DAY

in the State of Maine.

Given at the office of the Governor at Augusta and sealed with the Great Seal of the State of Maine this seventeenth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight and in the one hundred and sixty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America.

By the Governor:
(Signed) LEWIS C. BARROWS
Governor
(Signed) FREDERICK ROBIE
Secretary of State

GILEAD MEN FOUND GUILTY OF TRESPASS

Pleading guilty to the charge of trespass at the store of C. H. Cole & Son at Gilead one night last week, Bernard Swan, Dana Thurlow and Claude Heath, all of Gilead, were sentenced to pay a fine of \$10.00 and costs of \$10.50 each when they appeared before Trial Justice Elmer C. Allen here Tuesday morning. Fines were suspended on payment of costs, and the boys were placed on probation for a year, to report to Deputy Sheriff F. A. Hunt each month.

THANKSGIVING DAY SPECIAL

A special reduced rate has been made effective on out-of-town calls on Thanksgiving Day. The rate to any point in Continental United States will be the same as the low night and Sunday rate, with savings up to fifty per cent of the daytime rate.

This special rate makes it possible for you to telephone your holiday greetings any time during Thanksgiving Day instead of waiting until 7 P. M. for the night rate.

Van Tel. & Tel. Co.

G. A. BASKETBALL SCHEDULE TO OPEN NEXT WEEK

On Friday, Dec. 2nd, the Gould Academy quintet will open its 1938-39 schedule entertaining Gorham, N. H., High at Bethel. The local squad is having its difficulties with the team riddled with injuries and ineptibilities. Parker Brown and Earle Palmer, both injured in football, are at present unable to play, while the services of Dick Crockett have been lost for the year. At present it looks as though Cecil Wentzell, star forward of last year's team, will be the only veteran to start in the opening game. Others who are showing exceptional promise are Hutchins, Tucker, Holt and Smith.

The schedule which includes 10 Western Maine Conference games and four outside games is as follows:

Fri., Dec. 2—Gorham at Bethel
Fri., Dec. 9—at Oxford
Fri., Dec. 16—Norway at Bethel
Fri., Jan. 6—Oxford at Bethel
Fri., Jan. 13—at Mechanic Falls
Wed., Jan. 18—at Norway
Fri., Jan. 20—South Paris at Bethel
Fri., Jan. 27—Alumni
Wed., Feb. 1—at Fryeburg
Fri., Feb. 3—Mc. Falls at Bethel
Wed., Feb. 8—at South Paris
Fri., Feb. 10—Old Orchard at Bethel
Fri., Feb. 17—Fryeburg at Bethel
Tues., Feb. 21—at Gorham, N. H.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The Bethel Lions Club is sponsoring this week of the annual Red Cross membership drive. Eighteen members of the Club were assigned districts covering not only the village but also the main roads of the town, and are busily engaged canvassing their territory. The relief activities of the Red Cross during the recent hurricane in New England are well known to all and have given a new impetus to the annual appeal. The Roll Call is expected to be completed by Thanksgiving and figures of results should be available in the next issue of the Citizen. At present there is no Red Cross organization in Bethel and the Lions Club promptly responded to the suggestion that they should undertake the Roll Call this year.

LADIES' CLUB

The Ladies' Club held a meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. Van Den Kerckhoven. The following program was presented: Thanksgiving Song.

Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven Jr. Vocal duets, Miss Ida Lee Clough and Miss Carolyn Wight, accompanied by Mrs. Laurence Lord, piano, and Miss Clough, violin. Mrs. A. H. C. Finck gave a talk on her trip to Norway. Tea was served by the hostess. There will be no meeting this week. Miss Frances Hodgdon will arrange the program for December.

The Club will meet Dec. 1 with Mrs. F. E. Hanscom. Miss Margaret Lundy will give a talk on "Winter Bouquets." It was omitted in last week's paper that those on the supper committee for the Christmas Sale, Dec. 8, are Mrs. Henry Austin, Mrs. Clarence Hall, Miss Cleo Russell and Mrs. James Croteau; dining room committee Mrs. Arnold Childs, Mrs. William Chapman and Mrs. Arthur Cutler.

NIGHT FIRE TAKES BETHEL INN CABIN

The log cabin which was erected at "Devil's Kitchen" last year was burned to the ground Tuesday morning, with a loss of \$1,000 or more. The alarm was sounded and the firemen arrived at the scene about three o'clock, but it was not possible to save the building or any contents. The cause is not known but it was discovered that the camp had been broken into and tracks were found in the vicinity. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

This building was formerly located on the Peter Grover place on Paradise Hill. It was used for picnic parties and outings by Bethel Inn guests and was a very popular resort. Last year, with the development and improvement of the winter sports facilities by the Inn, the cabin was taken down and rebuilt here for the use of its skiing guests. The place is about half a mile from Bethel village near the Grover Hill road.

BETHEL RESIDENTS APPEAR IN NEW ENGLAND ANTHOLOGY

Pearl Ashby Tibbetts of Bethel and Rebecca Williamson Carter, also of this town, are among the Maine writers who appear in "The Triad Anthology of New England Verse" released Nov. 17 by the Falmouth Book House of Portland. In it pages are also represented such famous names as Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Lincoln Colcord, Wilbert Snow, Harold Vinal, Robert Hillyer, John Wheelwright, Frances Frost, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Grace Hazard Conklin, and Sarah Cleghorn. Angela Morgan, lately become a resident of Vermont, has written the foreword. This first anthology of contemporary New England poetry was compiled by Louise Hall Littlefield of Portland.

Mrs. Tibbetts' poem is entitled "Color Harmony," while Miss Carter's bears the title "Winter Evening." Mrs. Tibbetts is the author of "Land Under Heaven," a novel of the pioneer days of Aroostook, and a number of short stories.

"The Triad Anthology" presents New England writers, New England life and people, and all the splendid pageant of New England landscapes and seasons.

TO VISIT WESTERN CANADA

Mrs. Grace Foley left Monday for an extended trip through Canada, then down the Pacific coast to Los Angeles, Calif., where she will spend the winter. Mrs. Foley first will go to Stillwater, Minn., to the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. James W. Foley, wife of the late Hon. James W. Foley, prominent Minnesota and Vancouver businessman. From Minnesota, accompanied by her sister-in-law, she will go by chauffeur driven car to Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, and Vancouver, spending about four weeks at the latter city. This is Mrs. Foley's fourth trip to the west coast.

TAXPAYERS ATTENTION

On Dec. 31st, 1938, our Town Books will close for this year. Your Collector's Report which will be given in at that time must include all unpaid taxes.

Heed this warning and pay your taxes now.

Your Town needs your support.

WALTER E. BARTLETT
Collector
for Town of Bethel

People and Spots in the Late News



CAT O' ONE TALE... "This foolishness must be 'stamped' out," meowed "Butch", San Francisco tomcat, as he was rescued by Postman Frank Ashman after spending night in mailbox where he had been dropped with label "Garbage" around his neck.



FIDDLES WHILE HE WORKS... Practicing on his violin between emergency calls, Ronald Tronell, of New York, is driving ambulance as means of earning money to continue musical education he hopes one day will land him on concert stage at Carnegie Hall.



FAREWELL TO ROME... Vanguard of 1,800 champion families selected by Premier Mussolini to colonize North African possessions, these hardy Italians entrained at Rome for Naples where ships awaited to take them to new homes.



BIG LEAGUE "NUGGETS"... Ernie Lombardi (left), hard-hitting catcher for Cincinnati Reds in National League, and Jimmy Fox, slugging first sacker of Boston Red Sox in American League were chosen most valuable players in respective circuits for 1938 by poll of members of Baseball Writers Association.



EXPERTLY OUTFITTED... As weather experts forecast heavy seasonal rains this New York miss expertly solved the fashion problem by outfitting herself and her pooch in chic white raincoats duranized by koro seal, new non-deteriorating substance recently announced by Akron, O., research labs.



JOINS TAX FIGHT... Promising same aggressive leadership she gave American Legion Auxiliary as national president in 1936, Mrs. Melville Muckelstone, of Chicago, has joined nationwide fight against hidden taxes which penalize consumer, as newly-named vice-president of National Consumers Tax Commission.

UMBAGOG INTERSTATE LARGER PARISH

SUNDAY: Mr. Fitzpatrick will preach at Newry in the morning at 10:30 and at Upton in the afternoon at 2:00. Mr. Manter will preach at Errol and Magalloway. In the evening the young people of Upton and Newry will go to Rumbold Point to attend a Young People's Rally led by Deane Hodges of the Oxford United Larger Parish.

FRIDAY: The people of Upton will present the riotous comedy by Jay Tobias, "The Ready-Made Family." This three-act comedy is bound to set you laughing. The curtain rises at eight o'clock.

MONDAY, NOV. 28. The Errol Scouts will meet at 7:00 p. m. and the Young People's Society at 8:15.

TUESDAY, NOV. 29. There will be the regular service at Sunday River at 7:30.

Upton

Miss Lillian Judkins, a student nurse at C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, was home for the week-end.

H. Prescott Tucker Jr. of Needham, Mass., was a week-end guest at the home of Guy Pratt.

The Ladies' Aid served supper at their building Saturday night.

The Grange had a Hunters' Ball at the Hall Saturday night, with a good attendance.

Miss Sylvia Barnett has gone to Newry to work for Mrs. Hulbert a few days.

C. A. Judkins and Millard Fraser went to Portland on business Monday this week.

The C. E. meeting was held at the Church Sunday evening.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas Herman Mason, of Bethel, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated September 15, 1925, recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 352, Page 385, conveyed to Bethel Savings Bank, a corporation established by law and located at said Bethel, a certain parcel of land situated in what was then the town of Albany, in said County, now Albany Township, and being a part of Lot numbered seven (7), in the third (3) range, and being the same premises conveyed by John A. Pingree to William W. Mason, by deed dated September 3, 1873, and recorded in said Registry, Book 163, Page 6.

And whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken; now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, the said Bethel Savings Bank claims a foreclosure of said mortgage. Dated November 19, 1938.

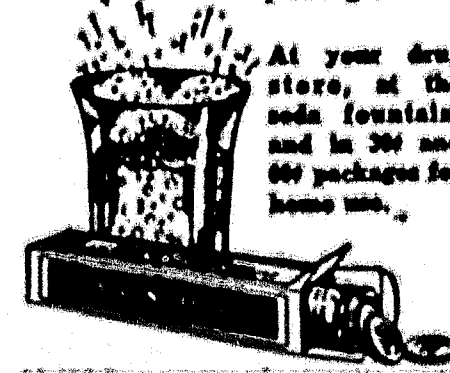
BETHEL SAVINGS BANK
by Fred F. Bean
Its Treasurer duly authorized.



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BE WISE-ALKALIZE

Milton

Addison Bryant passed his 89th birthday Sunday. His sister, Mrs. Ada Billings of South Paris spent the day with him.

Mrs. Cora Millett went to Norway Monday to see her sister, Mrs. Sadie Lapham.

Mrs. Winola Billings spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. Agnes Coffin, at Bryant Pond.

George Davis of Woodstock is working for Miss Clara Jackson. He is removing the timber on her lot that was uprooted by the hurricane.

One of the lucky hunters in this section was Charles Poland who got his deer Saturday.

Sunday callers at Miss Clara Jackson's were, Miss Bess Stroppe and Miss Sadie Ferguson of Rumbold.

Saturday guests of Harry Billings were Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Packard and family of Waterville.

Fay Billings spent the week-end with Charlotte Braden at Rumbold Corner.

Miss Florence Burnham's aunt from Portland visited her Sunday.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for Dates



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by
E. L. GREENLEAF
OPTOMETRIST
over Rowe's Store
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

DR. HOWARD E. TYLER
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Nationally Advertised Goods are Sold by Bethel Merchants. The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS IN BETHEL
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Community, Rogers Bros., and Holmes & Edwards Silver, E. P. LYON

GOODRICH Rubbers, ROWE
MICHAELS-STERN Clothes, ROWE

PHILCO Radios, E. P. LYON
MUNSHING WEAR, ROWE
WALK OVER SHOES, ROWE

Newry

Farm Bureau members met at Grace Asenault's Tuesday afternoon. The meeting was on "Christmas Suggestions."

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morton held a wedding reception at the Grange Hall Friday night.

Mrs. Daisie Warren is a patient at the Rumbold Community Hospital.

Mrs. Gertrude Campbell of Andover and Mrs. Madeline Worcester of Upton were making calls in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Sara Feindel, Mr. and Mrs. Alex McKay and children and Claire Porter of Berlin and Eva Porter of Hanover, N. H., were in town recently.

West Greenwood

John Haselton did some carpenter work for Alden Wilson one day last week.

Mrs. Paul Croteau and son Solon and Mrs. Ada Mills were in West Bethel Friday.

Mrs. James Croteau and sons of Bethel were callers in town Sunday.

Mrs. Ada Mills called on Mrs. Paul Croteau Monday.

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Marten Prized for Its Fur

With the build of a dachshund and the color of a red fox, the slinky martens is highly prized for its fur. So soft and rich looking is its pelt that it has been nicknamed the "American sable," says a writer in the Washington Post. Martens are shy, but, for their size, are among the most bloodthirsty of all animals. They live in trees, kill rabbits, squirrels and other small game. Despite this, they make good house pets. Once tamed, they're death on rats and mice.

Have Many Tropical Names

On the nautical map of the Virgin Islands the names of land and water formations spell the tropics—ample alluring, remote-as: Privateer bay, Compass point, Whistling cay, Lagoon point, Mermaids chair, Rendezvous bay, Flamingo point, Lametree bay, Chocolate hole, Cinnamon bay, Watermelon cay, Prune bay, Grapefruit bay, Sugar bay, Ramoat cay, Cowpet bay, Lizard rock, Hoganeet point, Shark island, Ram head and Turtleback rock.

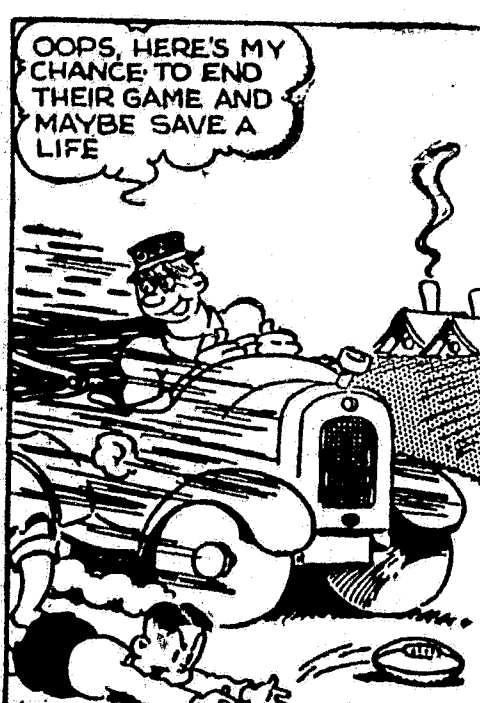
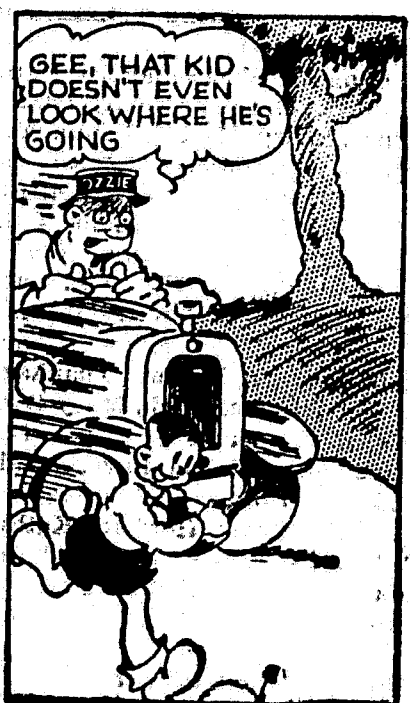
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THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE

Thrown For A Loss



Travelers Safety Service

Greenwood Center

Irving Cole, son of Lester Cole, recently underwent an operation at West Paris for tonsils and adenoids.

Lester Cole shot a bear Friday on Rowe's Ledge.

Mrs. Elmer Cole has returned from a visit and business trip to

Boston and Providence. She brought back a variety of Christmas goods.

Stanley Seames, Howe Hill, visited with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Cole, for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Waterhouse, West Paris, and Mrs. Lee Mills, Bryant Pond, visited at R. L. Martin's Sunday.

East Bethel

Those from here attending the solicitors' supper at South Paris last Wednesday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings, Mrs. Marjorie Billings and Mrs. Gladys Tyler.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings and children, Virginia, Mary Alice, and Warren, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bickford in Bowdoinham Sunday.

Sunday guests of Mrs. Ida Blake were Mr. and Mrs. Othie Reed of Houghton and Mr. and Mrs. Rand of Dixfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Falkenham of Andover were guests of Mrs. S. B. Newton Sunday. Johnny Winslow was a week-end guest of Mrs. Newton.

Mrs. Grace Olson of Bethel is visiting Mrs. S. B. Newton.

Mrs. Carrie Bartlett returned home from Mrs. Ralph Day's in Woodstock Monday. Monday evening, she had the misfortune to fall in her home. Dr. Howard of Rumford was called and had her taken in an ambulance to Rumford Hospital, where it was found she had broken a hip.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings and Mrs. Merton Lake spent Monday in Portland. Mr. Hastings is making several trips a week to Portland with potatoes.

W. S. Hastings injured his back at Umbagog Lake last Wednesday and was confined to his home for several days.

ALDER RIVER GRANGE

Alder River Grange, East Bethel, held a regular meeting Monday evening with Worthy Master Willard Farwell in the chair. Thirteen members were present. It was voted to hold a whist party Monday evening, Nov. 29, and Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Noyes, and Robert Billings were appointed the committee in charge. It was voted to have an old fashioned dance Dec. 2 and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett and Miss Alta Brooks were appointed to have charge of it. Program: Contest, Watch questions

Reading, Sister Noyes
Songs, Grango
Reading, Bro. Guy Bartlett
Reading, Bro. Noyes
Reading, Bro. Billings
Reading, Sister Howe
Cranberry relay race
Refreshments of cake and ice cream were enjoyed at the close of the meeting.

West Bethel

Miss Wilma Martin, who has been spending the past week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Morrill, returned to her home at South Paris Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett were in Boston over the week-end. Dean Martin was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Morrill one day last week.

Leland Mills has gone to Harrison for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Lord entertained two tables of telephone bridge at their home Monday evening, to benefit the Bethel Junior Guild. Those playing were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Burris, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kneeland, Mrs. Clara Abbott, and the hostess, Mrs. Lord.

Mrs. Edwin Perham, who has been caring for Mrs. Paul Head, returned home Sunday.

Herman Bennett got a nice deer one day recently.

Laurence Pennell and Joseph Ouitett from Westbrook were guests of Mr. Pennell's aunt, Mrs. Estella Goodridge, recently.

Mrs. Carmelo Onofrio and daughter Christina from Andover are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Saunders.

Mrs. Vitella Crosby and brother, Durward Mason, were in town, calling on friends, Sunday.

Meaning of Name Queenie
The name Queenie or Queenie could hardly mean anything except "a queen." The word queen is derived from an old Teutonic word which merely meant "a wife, or woman."

East Stoneham

Violet Doughty, Vesta Barker, Hazel Files and Mrs. Ruth Pendexter were in Lewiston Thursday.

Richard Files of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Files.

Douglas Grover and John Files Jr. attended the Young Men's Conference at Lewiston from Friday until Sunday.

An All-the-Parish Thanksgiving Service was held at East Stoneham Church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Adams of Bridgton called on his sisters at East Stoneham Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bartlett and son Melvin visited her brother at Pittsfield, N. H., Sunday.

Mrs. Ruth Witham, who has been in a hospital in Boston for the past two weeks, returned home Saturday.

Meaning of Racing Terms
"Straight," a racing term, means to bet to win, "place" a bet on second place, and "show" a bet on third place in a race.



Use of Electrical Equipment Eases the Burden of Farming

By IRA MILLER

Rural Electrification Bureau

CONTINUED extension of high lines in all parts of the country — and the resultant use of numerous large and small electrical appliances — has brought undreamt comfort and convenience to some 1,300,000 farm homes, and relief from many tiresome and unpleasant chores to at least that number of farm women.

Perhaps even more important savings in labor, time and money result from the use of electrical equipment in the business of farming. In fact, the difference between a real cash income and an actual financial loss from the operation of countless farms is determined by the extent to which electricity is put to work on farm jobs. Electrical "hired hands" have proved that they can and do produce greater profits.

As in the farm home, adequate wiring of all farm buildings is essential to the profitable and enjoyable use of electricity. Also, like the rooms in the home, each building should be amply lighted and provided with a sufficient number of convenience outlets and suitable switches.

Among the electrical "servants" for the dairy barn are milking machines, drinking cups, ventilating fans, animal groomers, fly traps and hay hoists. An ensilage cutter, operated by a portable motor, will fill the silo in short order.

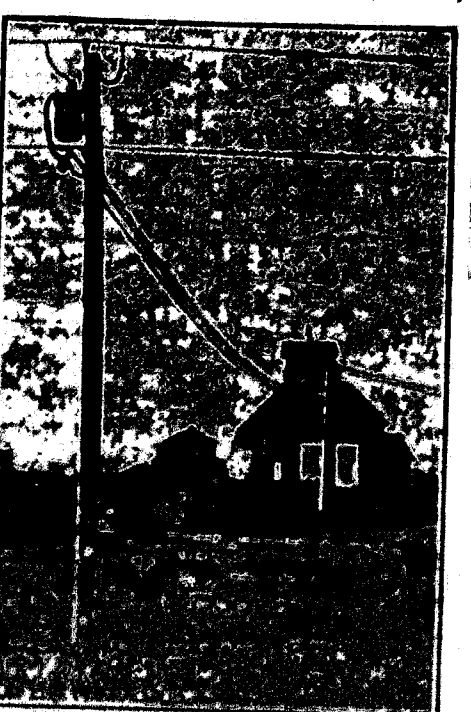
In the milk house, an electric cream separator and churn eliminate much drudgery. The combination of an electric milk cooler, water heater, utensil sterilizer and fly screens will help keep the bacterial count of the milk so low that it will command a premium in many localities.

Poultry houses not only require ordinary lights to increase winter egg profits by lengthening the working day for the hens but also ultra-violet lights to keep them healthy and strong. An electric brooder, incubator, water warmer and burglar alarm add to the profit and surety of poultry raising.

Many granaries and barns are equipped with a feed grinder and mixer, grain elevator, hay chopper, corn sheller and other machinery, all operated by a portable motor, some

farmers also thresh their own grain, using a portable motor to drive the separator.

A well-equipped machine shop will save money on any farm. An electric drill press or portable drill, lathe,



The high line is the life line of some 1,300,000 American farms.

grindstone, forge, air compressor, battery charger, soldering iron and glue pot are among the items that should be included.

Every farm should have an automatic electric water system to provide an ample supply of fresh water for the livestock and for sanitary purposes in the various buildings. Also, each should have an adequate system of yard lighting to prevent thievery as well as for ease and safety in going from one building to another after dark.

The foregoing are only a few of the numerous uses of electrical equipment in general farming. There are many specialized applications — fruit washing and grading, soil sterilization, soil heating, cold storage, and wood sawing, to name but a few. On every farm, the electric "hired hands" can be made to more than pay their way in increased profits and lessened manual labor.



THE PILGRIMS' STORY. An account of the country's first Thanksgiving Day is related by J. Frank Grimes, IGA president, to Richard and Jane Tamburino who seem well prepared for the holiday feast. The juvenile counterparts of Miles Standish and Priscilla learned of the hardships encountered by the pioneers in obtaining provisions for their tables. In the early days a gun was an important part of the "shopping" kit.

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THANKSGIVING NOTES

Mrs. Ada Mills is spending Thanksgiving in Gorham N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. George Russell of Naples are dining with F. E. Russell.

Mrs. Annie Young is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wormell in Portland.

Mrs. D. H. Spearin is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. C. Moody, in Portland.

Sherman Flu' of Haverhill, Mass., is the guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf.

Linwood Carroll Jr. of South Paris is spending Thanksgiving at the home of Mrs. Adeline Fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wheeler are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marsters York at Plainfield, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Doyen and family are spending Thanksgiving with his parents in Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Gibbs and daughter are dining with his mother, Mrs. Flora Gibbs, at Norway.

John Twaddle of Boston is spending the holiday recess with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Twaddle.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Bean and daughters, Florine and Muriel, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jones at Auburn.

Miss Esther Burris and Miss Margaret Lundy accompanied Miss Margaret Stevens to her home in Rockland for the holiday.

Clayton Bane of West Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bean of Auburn are holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lyon and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Meserve, Misses Sylvia and Madelyn Bird will be dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cummings at Locke Mills.

O'Neill and Edward Robertson of Orono are spending the Thanksgiving recess with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Adney Gurney and daughter Eleanor will spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gurney and family of Durham.

Mr. and Mr. Lucion Littlehale and son Frank are spending Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlehale at Springfield, Mass.

Miss Jeanette Gordon of South Elliot and Miss Rebecca Gordon of Portsmouth, N. H., arrived Wednesday to spend the holiday and week-end with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Childs are spending the holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Neal, in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Childs will observe the holiday at their home here Sunday, when they will entertain Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Childs of Needham, Mass.

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Mrs. Addie Farwell, Mrs. Lena Wight and daughter Kathleen are dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Cummings and family at Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bisbee, Mrs. Philbrick, Miss Alice Ballard and Charles Frost are holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Fossett and son Paul left Wednesday to spend the rest of the week at Pemaquid with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Fossett.

Mrs. A. Van Den Kerckhoven and daughter Lucia are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Macfarlane at Newmarket, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Robertson and grandson, Henry Robertson, are spending the holiday in Hartford, Conn., with their daughter, Mrs. Maurice Hart.

Mrs. Jessie B. Sayles and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Borden of Adams, Mass., are spending the Thanksgiving holidays as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sayles.

Dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Forbes will be Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Garey and two children of Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Emery and family of Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jordan are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bean, Miss Virginia Bean and Everett Bean of Springfield, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. Glyndon Sawin of Wilton, Mr. and Mrs. Elmon Jordan and daughter Thelma of Lisbon.

First Magazine Issued

The first magazine to be issued was the Gentleman's Magazine, published in London in 1731.

City Named for Chief

Oshkosh, Wis., got its name many years ago after an election was held in the kitchen of a settler. Whites and Indians of the town chose to name it after a famous Menominee Indian chief, Os-Kosh.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chapman and family were in Errol Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Gordon had as Sunday guests Miss Mildred Goodwin and Walter Staples of Elliot.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Enman and daughter Earlene of Rumford were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis and family.

Ladies' Night will be observed by the Men's Brotherhood at their meeting at the Methodist Church next Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan French of Milan, Judge and Mrs. George F. Morris, Miss Eleanor Williamson and Allan French of Lancaster were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Fossett Sunday.

Gard Bennett dressed a hog for F. I. French one day last week, which was nine and a half months old and weighed 445 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Perry of South Portland were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis.

Misses Ethel Jodrey and Christie Thurston of Portland arrived home Tuesday to spend the remainder of the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thurston.

Robert W. Kirk, with Winston Paine of North Anson, started for Florida last week in Mr. Paine's car, where they have employment for the winter.

Mrs. Agnes Sweatt and sons, Ralph and Erwin, of Errol, and Mrs. Esther Williamson of Upton were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. I. French.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Faulkingham have returned to Massachusetts. Mr. Faulkingham has finished work on the C. C. Smith & Co. road job in Waterford.

Morris Vall and Trafton Bartlett of Stamford, Conn., were at their homes here for the week-end. Mrs. William Spinney of Boston accompanied them to visit relatives here.

Should Teachers Go To Dances

There was a difference of opinion at the school board meeting. And a number of things that Uncle Gid had not thought of when he brought up the matter. Read "THE STAR WITNESS," another interesting story by Harry Harrison Kroll, author of two of the recent best-selling books, "Cabin in the Cotton" and "I Was a Sharecropper" . . .

in TOWN next week

EERIE LAUGH IS SPECIAL JOB

Special equipment is required to broadcast the chuckle of "The Shadow," now a familiar program identification. Bill Johnstone takes the role previously played by Orson Welles. How it is done is explained . . . in TOWN next week.

HELPS FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Harold Bodkin's presentation next week is instructions for making a toy Kitchen Cabinet to gladden a little girl's heart . . . And suggestions for gift selections to help the busy housewife, by Elizabeth Boykin . . . in TOWN next week.

ACCIDENT HOLDS PLACE IN NEW FILM

Together in a modern setting for the first time, you will soon see Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Sweethearts"—an all-color production. And you'll see one incident not in the script, described for you . . . in TOWN next week.

THE CITIZEN

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards returned from Portland Saturday, where they have been for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Jodrey, Mrs. Myron Bryant, Mrs. Virginia Little, Dr. R. O. Hood, Mrs. Frank Hale, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jordan attended the funeral of Henry J. Doane at Mechanic Falls Monday.

The Men's Bridge Club met at the home of Earl Davis last Thursday evening. Wilbur Myers held high score for the evening, which puts him in lead for the series. Jesse Doyen substituted for Elmer Bennett.

On account of rain the "Little Dipper" Girl Scout patrol were unable to take a hike as planned so they met with Mrs. Anna Hunt and made candy to give to the shut-ins for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brown, Miss Maxine Clough and Garey York were in Portland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hutchinson and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Conner of Portland were Sunday guests of Collins Morgan and family.

The Ladies' Contract Club was entertained by Mrs. Arnold Childs at her home last Thursday evening. Mrs. Elmer Bennett received prize for the high score and the consolation went to Mrs. Myron Bryant. Mrs. Alice MacTague substituted.

Robert McCrea had the misfortune to injure his right hand while hunting last Saturday afternoon. He accidentally dropped the gun he was carrying, causing it to discharge. The bullet went through his thumb and badly splintered the middle finger.

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☐ American Girl 1 Yr.
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☐ Christian Herald 1 Yr.
☐ The Judge 1 Yr.
☐ Liberty 1 Yr.
☐ Love and Romance 1 Yr.
☐ Mechanix Illustrated 1 Yr.
☐ Movie Mirror 1 Yr.
☐ Parents' Magazine 1 Yr.
☐ True Experiences 1 Yr.
☐ True Romances 1 Yr.
☐ True Story 1 Yr.

GROUP B—Select 2 Magazines
Check the magazines that you want (X). Clip list and enclose with coupon below.

☐ American Poultry Journal 2 Yrs.
☐ Breeder's Gazette 2 Yrs.
☐ Christian Herald 6 Mos.
☐ Country Home 2 Yrs.
☐ Farm Journal 2 Yrs.
☐ Home Arts 2 Yrs.
☐ Needlecraft 2 Yrs.
☐ McCall's Magazine 1 Yr.
☐ Motion Picture 1 Yr.
☐ Open Road (Boys) 1 Yr.
☐ Parents' Magazine 6 Mos.
☐ Pathfinder (Weekly) 1 Yr.
☐ Pictorial Review 1 Yr.
☐ Romantic Story 1 Yr.
☐ True Confessions 1 Yr.
☐ Woman's World 1 Yr.

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Free! Free Touch Type Method Instruction Booklet, has actual lessons, exercises, diagrams, to help you learn to type with ease. Come in and see it today.

Carl L. Brown, Bethel

Bryant Pond

The Daughters of Union Veterans held a bingo party at the home of Mrs. Arthur Andrews Tuesday evening, Nov. 15.

A chicken supper was served by the Ladies Aid at the Grange Hall last Wednesday night. There was a very large attendance and several had to be turned away as there was not food enough.

Seymour and Russell McAllister, Homer Farnum, Sidney Ring, Elnor Kangas and Rupert Farnum went on a hunting trip to Wilson's Mills last week. Seymour McAllister, Elnor Kangas and Rupert Farnum have returned with no deer but the others are still there.

Mrs. Verna Swan took Edna Newton to Dixfield Sunday to see Charles Wilson who returned with them for a visit.

Miss Dorothy Dunbar has gone to Massachusetts to spend Thanksgiving with her parents. Miss Thelma MacKillop accompanied her for a visit.

Mrs. Eva Davis of North Conway, N. H. is having a two weeks vacation from her work and is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Davis and other relatives.

Mrs. Dora Johnson and little daughter of South Paris is staying at the home of her son, Oscar Johnson, and family.

FRANKLIN GRANGE

Franklin Grange of Bryant Pond met Saturday evening Nov. 19th.

The following short program was enjoyed:

Songs Grange
A short play. Five members
Piano Duets. Lucy Curtis and
Olive Howe (encore)
Roll Call, "What I Am Thankful For."

Mrs. Olive Davis and Mrs. Rona Farrington were captains of a spelling match to see which side could make the most words from the word "Thanksgiving." Mrs. Davis' side won.

The Juvenile Grange gave Mrs. Verna Swan and daughter Arlene a birthday surprise of nice cakes and other presents as it was their birthday. They also received presents from other friends.

South Woodstock

Mrs. Flossie Perham, R. N. is at West Bethel for a week caring for a mother and infant baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews were Sunday dinner guests of his brother, A. M. Andrews.

Birthday Party
A birthday party was given Edith Davis on her tenth birthday, Nov. 18, by her mother, Mrs. Gayden Davis. Those present were Georgena and Flossie Buck of West Paris, Grace Smith, Edith and Evelyn Sprague, Christina Buck, Janet and Phyllis Silver. Refreshments of a birthday cake, fancy cookies, sandwiches and cocoa were served.

Thanksgiving Notes
The Andrews Thanksgiving Day party will be held this year at the home of A. M. Andrews' daughter, Mrs. Leroy Titus, at South Paris.

Mrs. Angie Robbins will be a guest of her daughters at Mechanic Falls on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Davis will spend the holiday and the remainder of the week with her parents and sister at Freeport.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Davis will have as guests their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Dannie Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Bryant and daughter June of Bryant Pond. Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Griffin of Norway.

P. J. Farrington will spend the holiday with his children at Bryant Pond.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Willmer Bryant's crew has been dressing trucks for Harry Day. Ernest Brooks has gone to New Hampshire to cook.

Francis Brooks was home over Sunday.

Lewis Libby was at Greenwood Center Sunday.

Sunday callers at Newton Bryant's were Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant of Freeport and Clarence Palmer.

Mrs. Osmond Palmer and Mila-bath were in Bethel Saturday.

Frank Packard was at his camp Sunday.

Songo Pond

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimball were in Rumford Saturday to bring Mr. Kimball's sister, Mrs. Eva Barker, home from the hospital, where she has been the last two weeks for treatment.

Paul Cyr of Lewiston spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Saunders.

Elmer Saunders shot a bear Friday that weighed 300 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason Smith Jr., little daughter Phyllis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryant and William Vye of Auburn were at Hollis Grindel's Monday. Mr. Smith, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Vye and Elmer Saunders went bear hunting. Mr. Vye returned home with a nine point buck but no bear.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinton Tibbets and children of South Bethel were callers at Elmer Saunders' Tuesday evening of last week.

A. B. Kimball and Don Lewis were in Berlin Friday on business.

George Brown and Eddie Cross were callers at Roger Clough's Sunday.

Ernest Grover of South Albany was an over night guest of Elmer Saunders Friday.

Stanley Lapham and Leonard Kimball are among the lucky hunters in this vicinity.

Gilead

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simard returned home Sunday evening from Beecher Falls, Vt., after being called there by the illness and death of his father.

Charles Cole underwent a serious surgical operation at the Clinic Hospital in Berlin last Saturday. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Lucian Roy of Auburn spent the week-end in town.

J. A. McBride returned home Sunday from Gorham, N. H., where he has been employed at the home of Warren Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Cole of Gray were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Leighton, over the week-end.

Sunday River

Visitors at J. Reynolds' over the week-end were Roger and Rieley Reynolds, Silas Reynolds and niece.

Enoch Foster was in town recently to see his mother, Mrs. Robert Foster, who is ill.

A family named Coolidge has moved into the Stillman Littlehale place.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Fleet visited in Rumford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Bean of Bethel were visitors at Robert M. Bean's Sunday.

Hanover

Mrs. G. C. Barker spent last week as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Wilbur Sanford, in Boston.

Mrs. C. F. Saunders and Mrs. Emily Dickson, accompanied by Mrs. Amelia Schwind of Rumford, attended the Mid-Winter meeting of the State Past Chiefs Association in Auburn, Nov. 14th.

Miss Bertha Clement of Mexico was a week-end visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Saunders.

Phillip Redman of South Portland shot a nice deer in town recently.

Oxford Bear Lodge, K. of P., held its annual Ladies' Night Friday evening. A delicious supper of mashed potato, cold meat, rolls, pies, cake, doughnuts and coffee, was served by the following committee in charge: Chaslie Saunders, Addison Saunders, Roy Stearns and Wallace Warren. The program committee with Arthur Dudley as chairman presented the following: address of welcome, H. E. Dyer; vocal solo with encore, Alfred Taylor, Mrs. Taylor as accompanist; Song with guitar accompaniment, Buddy Wilson, who was applauded loudly for more selections; remarks by Chan. Frost, a charter member of Oxford Bear Lodge; vocal solos with encores, Mrs. Gertrude Kimball, Arthur Dudley. This

Grover Hill

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler will dine with Mr. and Mrs. George Bennett at West Bethel on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jordan from Mechanic Falls and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meserve from Auburn were Sunday callers at Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Tyler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garber and daughters from Bethel were recent callers at Clyde Whitman's.

The road leading from C. L. Whitman's to Fred A. Mundt's has been considerably improved recently by widening and straightening.

Alfred J. Peaslee has returned home from Walter Emery's at No. Bethel and seems somewhat improved in health.

Barn Swallow One of Tamest

The barn swallow sometimes is called the fork-tailed swallow, a designation which describes neatly its most easily noted feature. This swallow is one of the tamest of all birds.

was followed by dancing to the music of Holman's Orchestra of Mexico. About 125 or more people enjoyed this annual event.

Mishemokwa Temple will hold their Annual Roll Call Friday, Nov. 25. Lunch will be served at noon.

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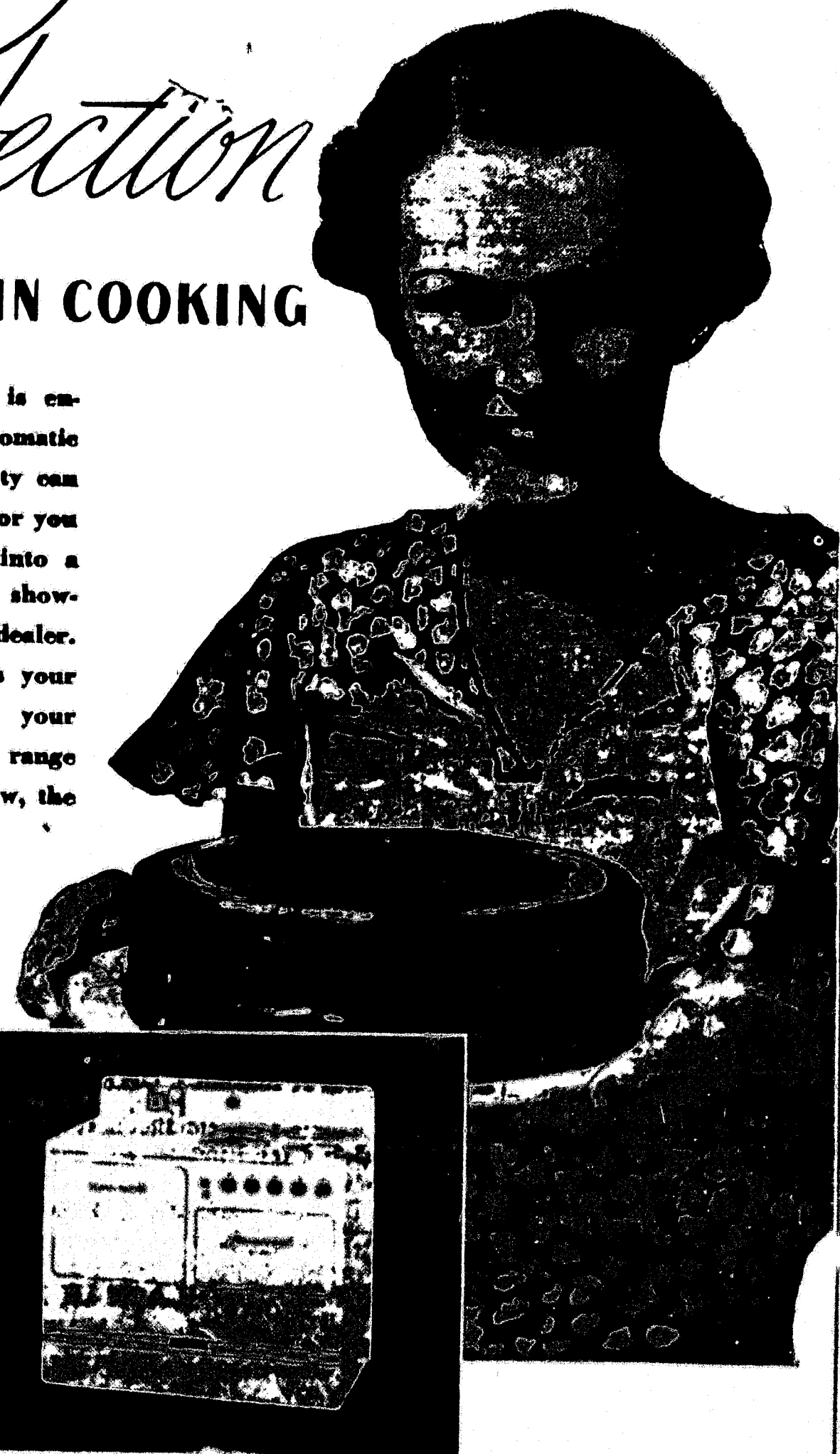
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Two of

By THERESA
© McClure New
WNU

JUDY snuffed the
candle. A
morning had day
drenched night.

**SHORT
SHORT
STORY**

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H. AL
BRYAN

Two of a Kind

By THERESA KRASIN
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WNU Service.

JUDY sniffed the keen air appreciatively. A glorious spring morning had dawned after a rain-drenched night. The warmth of the bright sun soon absorbed the wetness; and as Judy carefully made her way by the side of the narrow country road, all traces of the storm had disappeared, except the deep puddles which still settled obstinately in the ruts.

Judy felt supremely content with the world and herself. Eighteen is a delightful age to possess, particularly if that eighteen is adorned by a mass of curly auburn hair and a brand new tailored suit. Also—further reason for contentment—Judy was on her Easter vacation; and home for the first time since entering college the preceding fall.

Absorbed in her thoughts, the girl failed to hear the rumble of an approaching automobile beyond a bend in the road. As the car rounded the curve, it ploughed through the deep ruts, sending up a shower of muddy water which completely enveloped Judy, new suit, dreams, and all.

For a moment she stood still in wordless rage, helplessly watching the car disappear from sight. Then she sank weakly on a stone by the roadside.

"Yes," she said aloud grimly, "I don't doubt that they would like me in this outfit. Oh, if I only had him here! I'd pluck him to pieces—I'd—Oh, well, what's the use?" she finished.

ished, as two big tears trickled haltingly down her cheeks.

In spite of her unhappy accident Judy could not resist going to a dance given in her honor that evening. Her hostess, after taking her wraps, whispered hurried words in her ear: "Cousin Spud Davis—college out West—here on vacation—heard lots about you—dying to meet you—let me introduce him."

Judy was soon dancing easily with the young man. Good looking, but very bashful for one who had been "dying" to meet her, was her thought when she noticed how quiet her partner became, after the first words of greeting.

Spud looked down at her at the end of the dance. "Tired?" he asked.

She nodded her head. "A little bit. It's so warm in here." Spud fell into the trap. "Perhaps you would like to walk in the garden for a little while," he suggested. "I'll get your wrap."

When Spud returned, she was so busy devising plans that she did not notice the determined look in his eyes. A moment later they stepped into the fragrant mildness of the night.

Judy had expected that she would need to prompt this shy young man, but he surprised her. Not in vain had he listened to lectures on the power of the will, which his psychology professor had solemnly assured the class, if properly manipulated, could be used to obtain the desire of one's heart.

Spud prefaced his campaign by remarking on the loveliness of her hair in the pale moonlight. Before she had recovered from this comment, he secured permission to call her by her first name; shortly after that, he extracted a promise that she would write to him; and finally, he offered to take her home in his car.

When they approached Spud's car, however, she gave a little exclamation of surprise. "Spud, is that your car?"

"Why, yes. Do you like it?"

Judy was staring alternately from the car to its owner. "Like it? Like it? I wouldn't ride in it with you if you were to ask me on your bended knees!" Without another word she fled into the house.

Spud sat down on the running-board of his scorned machine and sighed deeply. "I know I'll never be the same again."

Judy sat on her suitcase, with a set expression on her face. "Mother, there's absolutely nothing the matter. Of course we didn't have a quarrel; and truly, I had a wonderful vacation."

As the train came steaming down the track, Judy turned around for a final glance at her town. Suddenly, her blue eyes grew big. She grasped her mother's arm. "Look," she cried, "am I seeing things, or are there two cars exactly alike over there?"

"Yes, one belongs to Mr. Allen, and the other to Spud. Mr. Allen bought his since you've been away."

"And I've been thinking that Spud was the reckless driver—what a proud little idiot I've been. Tell him—" Then she saw Spud standing before her, twisting his hat nervously.

"Judy," he began, "are we friends again?"

"Oh, it was all my fault. I'm sorry I was so mean and—"

"All aboard," called the conductor.

"And will you come to the Prom next month?"

"You bet I will, Judy." He looked at her earnestly.

Judy took his outstretched hand, gave it a little squeeze, kissed her mother, and was gone.

Ceresin is a Wax
Ceresin is a yellow or white wax made by purifying ozocerite, a wax-like mineral. Ceresin is used as a substitute for beeswax.

Florida State in 1845
Florida came into United States possession in 1821, became a state in 1845, seceded in 1861, underwent reconstruction in 1865-67 and was established in the Union in 1868, when civil government was restored on July 4.

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500 SHEETS—50c

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FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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ELECTROL

The Oil Burner that means economy, with service behind it. Let us quote installed prices.

Heating and Plumbing
Also Mill Work as Usual

H. ALTON BACON
BRYANT POND, MAINE

THE
BETHEL
NATIONAL
BANK
BETHEL, MAINE

IN BUSINESS
SINCE 1905

Member F. D. I. C.

'MICKEY' AND HIS GANG



Sam Iger

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Seven-room Circulating Heater with oil burner, also wood and coal grates, \$20.00 J. A. SPINNEY, Mechanic, St., Bethel. 47

FOR SALE—Horse, shoes, nails and calks. Welding compound, iron rod. Dynamite, electric caps and fuses. L. M. LONGLEY & SON, North Main. 48

FOR SALE—One Richardson & Boynton Hot Water Furnace, used only six months, together with pipes for five outlets. Price includes 5 cords slabs, \$40.00. L. E. DAVIS. 451

FOR SALE—Small up-to-date piano, slightly used. Very reasonable. Cash or terms. H. L. WHITE, Piano Tuner, 7 Western View St., Auburn. 48p

FOR SALE—Lynn Oil Heater and Heatrols, also Universal Electric Stove. RAY YORK, Bethel. 49p

MISCELLANEOUS

Firearms, Ammunition, and Trappers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine, Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 241

FILMS DEVELOPED

PRINTING and ENLARGING
DONALD S. BROWN, Bethel
Leave Films at Citizen Office

GIRL SCOUTS

The Girl Scouts held a meeting at the I. O. O. F. Hall Monday. The troop are taking notes on a book called "Romance of Labrador" by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, which will go toward our Winter Sports Badge. Marcia Smith received the Reader's Badge, Alice Pierce the Scribe Badge, and three girls are new Tenderfoots. It was decided to whom we should give the dish gardens and candy. We are to begin work on our scrap books this week and collect pictures and poems. There were two leaders present, Mrs. Anna Hunt and Mrs. Marion O'Brien. Alice Pierce, Scout Reporter.

MARRIAGES

In Bethel, Nov. 20, by Rev. M. A. Gordon, Lewis Shortt of Warren, N. H., and Miss Vivian Browns of Glenciff, N. H.

DEATHS

In Mechanic Falls, Nov. 19, Henry J. Doane, aged 53 years.

In Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 19, Mrs. Della Spearin, wife of William Downing of Tampa Fla., aged 75 years.

DRY SLABS \$1.50 per Cord

DRY Bundled EDGINGS \$1.00 Cord

Will deliver near village for \$1.00 per cord extra or will saw and deliver for \$2.00 per cord.

P. H. CHADBOURNE & CO.
PHONE 129

WHY YOU SHOULD TRADE WITH ME



BLOW YOUR OWN HORN
In The Advertising Columns
OF THIS NEWSPAPER

Bryant Pond

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Swan left Friday for Southern Pines, N. C., where they will spend the winter. They will stop in Worcester, Mass., to spend Thanksgiving with relatives.

Claude Cushman and Everett Cole have returned from a hunting trip in Washington County, each with a fine deer.

Lester Hathaway and Raeburn Hathaway of Needham, Mass., returned Saturday from a week's hunting on East B Hill.

Phillip Brooks has returned to Danforth after spending a week with his mother, Mrs. Seymour Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hathaway will spend Thanksgiving with his brother, Raeburn Hathaway, and family at Needham, Mass.

Thomas Abbott, grammar school teacher, will spend the holiday at his home in North Berwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Whitman children, Sylvia and Herbert, will spend Thanksgiving with her aunt, and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Swan, Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole will entertain a family party including: Mrs. Florence Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farrington and daughter Roberta, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bennett and son Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cushman and daughter Ida, from Farmington Normal, and sons, Lloyd and Maynard, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cushman and daughter, Fay Evelyn, of Auburn.

The next regular meeting will be held in the school house Thursday, Dec. 1. Mrs. Mildred Scarborough, North Woodstock teacher, will have charge of the program. Refreshments are in charge of Mrs. Robert Crockett and Mrs. Florence Cushman.

The fifth whist party will be held Saturday evening, Nov. 26, in the Social Hall. The scores of the two sides are Captain Rona Howe 899, and Captain Otis Dudley 1189.

How Chinese Gather Persimmons. Few customs of Chinese life afford more humor than the practice of picking persimmons, says the National Geographic Magazine. In certain localities pickers work in pairs. One climbs into the tree branches, gripping a short pole on the end of which is fastened an iron hook. By placing the hook over the fruiting branch and giving it a quick twist, the picker can detach the persimmon. The picker's partner below, head back, watches every movement. Imagine a Chinese, wearing two long, shirlike coats (three if the weather happens to be chilly) grasping two short sticks which support an improvised net of cloth or sackling. His task is to rush forward to catch a falling persimmon. The picker in the tree does not always wait for his partner to get into position. The persimmon falls; the partner lunges.

Carnegie's Theory of Wealth. Andrew Carnegie's theory of wealth was as follows: "This, then, is held to be the duty of the man of wealth: To set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display and extravagance; to provide moderately for the wants of those dependent upon him, and after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer for the man of wealth thus becoming the mere trustee and agent for his poorer brethren."

RELATIVES and friends were shocked to learn of the sudden passing of Mrs. Della Spearin Downing, which occurred Saturday in Raleigh, N. C. The Downings and their granddaughter, Joan Jackson, were on their way to their home in Tampa, Fla., after spending several months at their summer home at Cousins Island, Maine. Mrs. Downing was born in Greenbush, Maine, March 28, 1863, the daughter of the late William and Elizabeth Spearin. She was the oldest sister of the late Daniel Spearin of this town. On Sept. 1, 1889, she was united in marriage to William Downing of Minot and since then she had lived in Florida, coming to Maine the past 16 years for the summer months. She was a member of the Universalist Church in Tampa.

Besides her husband, she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Etta Chatting of Old Town; an adopted daughter, Mrs. W. W. Jackson and four grandchildren of Georgia; three brothers, J. B. Spearin of Greenbush, Richard Spearin and Lamont Spearin of Portland; seven nephews and six nieces. Funeral services and burial will take place at Tampa.

"I cannot say and I will not say That she is dead—She is just away! With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand"

She has wandered into an unknown land, And left us dreaming how very fair It needs must be, since she lingers there And you—O you; who the wildest yearn For the old-time step and the glad return.

Think of her faring on, as dear In the love of Those as the love of Here;

Think of her still as the same, I say; She is not dead—She is just away!

ODEON HALL, Bethel
Adults 25c—Children 10c
Show begins at 8:10 P. M.

Friday-Saturday, Nov. 25-26

GINGER ROGERS—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.

Having Wonderful Time

Coming—Alexander's Ragtime Band

PICTURES EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT

LADIES' AID FAIR DEC. 1

A radiogram from the North Pole says, "I will be in Bethel on Dec. 1, arriving on the 4:30 p. m. train," signed, Santa Claus. What news! We hope that the Grammar School band and all the children will be on hand to meet him and escort him to the M. E. Church, where the Ladies' Aid will be holding its annual Christmas fair. There will be a gift for each child and a chance to whisper in Santa's ear just what you want the very most in your stocking.

The Grab Bag in charge of Mrs. Elsie Davis will contain numerous 5 and 10 cent articles which will be just what you need for gifts on school trees, and what fun to "grab!" "Older children" will enjoy the fancy work table in charge of Mrs. Gordon, where a fine line of needle-work will appeal to the eye and pocket book of the thrifty gift seeker. At the Parcel Post booth Mrs. Greenleaf will sell your choice of package just as it came from the post office.

The Pantry Shelf of Mrs. Marie Davis speaks for itself. The usual line of tempting home cooked pastries will be dispensed by Mrs. Lapham. The booth selling home made candy will be presided over by Mrs. Millie Wentzell. The kitchen will be under the supervision of Mrs. Alma Thurston. Hot dogs will be on sale during the afternoon and beginning at 5 o'clock a cafeteria supper will be served including baked beans, assorted scallops, cabbage salad, rolls, sandwiches, assorted pies and coffee. Don't fail to attend!

MRS. WILLIAM DOWNING

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CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Sunday, November 27th
Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Morning worship. Sermon subject, "Spiritual Reserves."

On account of the Thanksgiving recess and the absence of the Academy students there will be no meeting of the Pilgrim Fellowship.

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. M. A. Gordon, Pastor
9:45 Church School. Classes for all.

11:00 Sunday Morning Worship. Anthem by choir, John Anderson. Leader, Mrs. Mildred Lyon, organist. Subject of sermon, "Is the Bible Infallible?"

6:30 Epworth League.
7:30 Evening Service. Poems, Prayer, Hymns, Favorite verses. Hymn, "The Lily of the Valley." Message, "The Book of Malachi." The Men's Brotherhood meets Nov. 28th.

Christmas Sale and Cafeteria Supper Dec. 1st. It is expected Santa Claus will be present.

Community Night Sunday evening, Dec. 4th. A number of speakers, with beautiful hymns and music by choir and congregation.

Mothers' Club meets Dec. 14th with Mrs. H. I. Bean.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
7:30 Thursday evening, Nov. 24. Thanksgiving Service. All are welcome.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Services Sunday morning at 10:45. "Ancient and Modern Necromancy, Alas Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all churches of Christ, Scotland. The Golden Text is: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Romans 8: 31).

The citations from the Bible include the following passages: "And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, And Jesus rebuked him saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him" (Mark 1: 23, 25-26).

The Lesson Sermon also includes selections from the Christian Science Textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.

Testimonial meetings at 7:30 p. m. on the second Wednesday of each month until May.

TELEPHONE BRIDGE A SUCCESS

The Telephone Bridge party, sponsored by the Junior Guild, which was held Monday evening, was a very successful and entertaining affair, due to the many people who willingly helped. The prize were awarded as follows: first, Mrs. Charles Freeman; second, Mrs. Lucion Littlehale; consolation, Mrs. Alfred Taylor. The following hostesses entertained two tables of bridge in each of their homes: Mrs. Philip Sayles, Mrs. Earle Palmer, Mrs. Herbert Rowe, Mrs. Laurence Lord, Mrs. Arthur Cutler, Mrs. Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven, Mrs. Milton Pratt, Mrs. Arthur Dudley, Mrs. Charles Gorman, Mrs. Philip Chapman, Miss Lucia Van Den Kerckhoven, Miss Beatrice Brown and Mrs. Arnold Childs.

SHORTT-BROWNE

At the Methodist Parsonage Sunday afternoon Miss Vivian Browne of Glenciff, N. H., and Lewis Shortt of Warren, N. H., were united in marriage. Rev. M. A. Gordon officiated, using the single ring service. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Allie Abbott of Gilead.

SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK

Week of Nov. 21

Grade	Savings Bank	Total	Per Cent
I	\$5.00	\$3.90	53
II	1.00	3.20	73
III	2.00	2.80	62
IV	1.00	2.30	64

V	\$9.00	\$12.20
VI	\$5.00	\$2.80
VII	1.00	1.80
VIII	3.00	4.15
		.35
	\$9.00	\$9.10

Second and Fifth have banners.

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Testimonial meetings at 7:30 p. m. on the second Wednesday of each month until May.

WELDING

I have a New Portable Electric Welding Machine and am prepared to go anywhere at any time on Repair Work.

WARREN BLAKE
BETHEL

FOR GREATER SAFETY-COMFORT ECONOMY

Let us winterize your car. We have Prestone, Nor'Way, Ajax--Shell Oil and Greases--Exide Batteries--Warm Lubrication--Experienced Workmen.

ROBERTSON SERVICE STATION

RAILROAD STREET

BETHEL

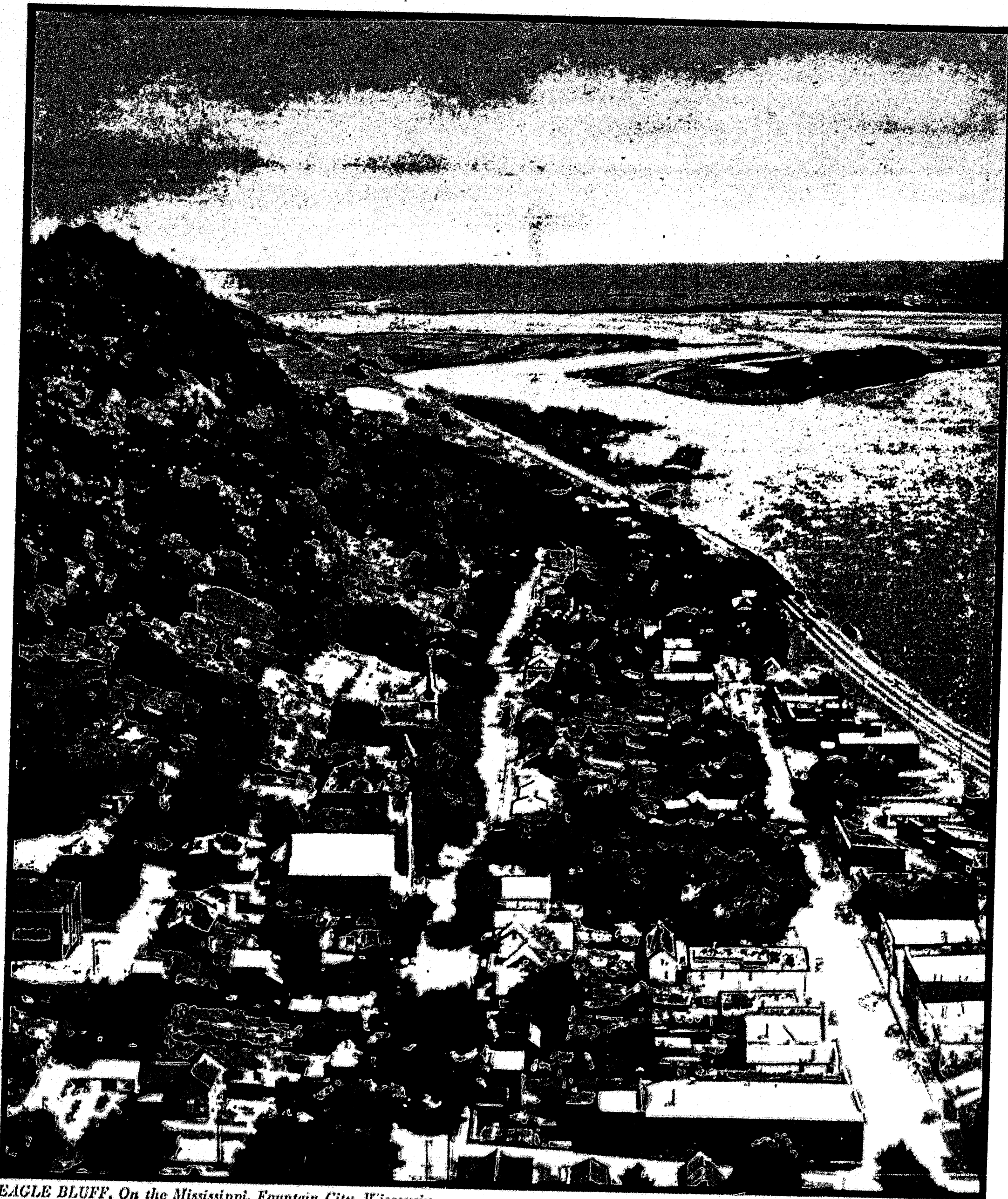
TOWN
WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BETHEL
Oxford County
CITIZEN

Bethel, Maine

Thursday, December 1, 1938



EAGLE BLUFF, On the Mississippi, Fountain City, Wisconsin

THE STAR WITNESS *by* **Harry Harrison Kroll**



After the dance was over, Joey pulled Nanette into a corner and kissed her, not two feet from where Gid stood.

UNCLE JE'MIAH BEAN was mad enough to gnaw a spike nail. He had planted his prized beans on the right moon sign, manured them generously, cultivated them faithfully; yet only one lumber snake of a pod, and no more blooms, was what he found now as he pushed his cadaverous frame through the lush vines.

With the motions of an animated wash-pot, old Gideon Huckleby, his neighbor, shambled up and leaned on the fence in the sunlight. He sniggered in his goading manner, "So then's the wonder-beans that you said you was going to do up in yaller packs and advertise and get rich selling seed off?"

Je'miah mopped his red face. "They'll make! Give 'em time."

Gid suggested blandly, "Sure you read the proper almanicker? You've been saying 'em for 50 year, and you must of read in the wrong book, ye know."

"Baddurn," Je'miah shouted, "I can read signs and dates, I reckon!"

Just then Joey Bean's guitar and crooning yodles came, and the music seemed to increase Je'miah's wrath. He would have opened up and sworn, had not Nanette Morris, the nymph-like young school teacher, appeared along the road. She dimpled at the two old men and called them a gracious greet-

ing, and went her way, a bright picture in scarlet skirt and tam. Gid gulped, "Migawh, migawh!" and Je'miah ejaculated, "Great balls of catfish!"

Gid swung on old Je'miah. "Know what, bub? I'd larrup that racket out of Joey, and snatch me a corn-blade and scalp that school teacher. She's vamping Joey. I told you before, Je'miah, warned ye of it; and now I warn ye again!"

"It ain't so!" Je'miah snarled.

"All right, all right! But you had enough trouble in your day and time with music and wimmin, Je'miah. Your wife hulling out when Joey was a baby with that horse-colic-regulator salesman, and all. Sal mout of picked somebody respectable, like a 'largin'-picture agent or sewing-machine salesman. But a hoss doctor—"

Je'miah's fists were clenched. "Gimme an excuse, and I'll fire that teacher—"

"You're head trustee, recollect," Gid

Gid's report on the kissing of the schoolma'am went all right until he got to the part about the lightning. A humorous and human story of the hill people by the author of "Cabin in the Cotton" and "I Was a Sharecropper"

turned to go. "Be seeing of you. Got to go over to Chittling Meat to buy some skunk hides." He strolled away like a Boy Scout who had done his good deed. Gid hated Joey Bean. The boy once had laughed at him, and Gid couldn't forget.

Je'miah stood in indecision. Perhaps the song was a sign; he didn't know. But it hurt him. Joey was the fruit of a wife young enough to have been Je'miah's daughter. He had raised him from a babe. Now he loved him with a father-mother jealousy of affection.

Je'miah clattered into the house, determined to crack Joey's head with that guitar. But the cool front gallery and living room were empty. Je'miah transferred his baffled wrath to Gid. "The durned tattle-tale-toter! He always did leave a bad taste in my mouth. Wait till that note for \$300 he owes me falls due. By grabs, he'll pay, or I'll take what ain't clamped down with mortgages!"

With strange eyes Je'miah stared at the fiddle and bow hanging on the cedar wall. He ran his hand across his face, groping at the webs of the years. It was twenty-three years ago, at a square dance, when Sal left. Je'miah was fiddling at the dance. That night he hung up the fiddle and bow and never played again. He couldn't think of life without Joey.

Meanwhile Gid trucked across Chittling Meat, leaving behind him the dark odor of stale skunk. He heard at Belly-ache Cross Roads that Rood Potts was throwing a big square dance the coming Friday night, that Joey likely would help with the music and Nanette would be with him. This was real news. Gid would carry the morsel to Je'miah, who in ap-

Joey said realistically, "Till the sweet wears out and the meal barrel is empty."

Nanette rocked in laughter. "Joey, you're such a delicious pessimist!" Suddenly she gripped his hand. "Did you see that?"

"What?" They grabbed their noses. It was Gid's truck, sure as shooting. They moaned in chorus and Nanette stepped on the gas. The car scooted into the night.

But not quickly enough for Gid Huckleby to fail to recognize the occupants. He peered after the disappearing car. "That's Je'miah's boy and the red-skirted huzzy, bound for Potts', sure as sour apples!" He nearly broke his neck getting to the truck. "I've got the dead-wood on 'em. Now Je'miah will renew that note!"

The rattletrap clattered in wake of the roadster with the fragrance of an aroused skunk going to den in a hollow log. When near Potts', Gid ran into the bushes. He finished the distance on foot, puffing like a locomotive. The night was as dark as a stack of black cats, and rain was thick on the air. As Gid sloshed across a creek this side of the barn lot, a furious shower came, and he darted to shelter under a sprawl-limbed sycamore. A blade of lightning hissed, and a clap of thunder knocked Gid cranksided. He knew he was killed. When he came to, his false teeth were chattering with static, his cardrums crackled, and he was wallowing in the creek. He moaned feebly, "Migawd, migawd, that liked to messed me up!"

He fled to the yard through the down-pour, and sloshed into the moonvines at the side porch of the cabin. No storm

preciation would renew that \$300 note. Isn't appreciation a beautiful flower?

"By cripes," Gid muttered, "that'll dislocate a money-lender two or three pegs!"

JOEY SLIPPED FROM the house Friday night and came to the highway where Nanette waited in her roadster. They kissed, and the car went swiftly away. Joey confessed, "I had to sneak out. Good granny, I wish paw's beans would bear, or something, so he would take his mind off me!" They laughed together at this.

Nanette rebuked Joey softly. "He loves you. His heart is old and you are all he has. His affection is beautiful, and even his jealousy is understandable. We have got to win him, Joey. . . . Remember the cousin I told you of who is connected with WSM at Nashville? I heard from him today. The station is looking for talent with rural appeal for a farm machinery program. Well," she pinched his arm, "it's arranged that you will have an audition."

could halt the worldly pleasure within, and Gid gagged, an unconscious rebellion of age to youth. He peered through the window. The music was a slambang, and the dizzy couples galloped through the figures of the square dance. Joey and the teacher pranced like a pair of escaped lunatics.

THE DANCE ENDED and Joey pulled Nanette into the shadow and kissed her, not two feet from where Gid hid. It was too scandalous for words. Gid listened to the talk, laughter, watching the kissing. "Joey Bean, sing for us!" someone yelled. And Nanette proudly announced, "Joey is going on the air!" There was applause. Rood Potts said, "Blow out a jawful of what ye aim to burn the air up with, Joey!"

There was more applause, then silence, and Joey took his guitar and stood in the middle of the room, crooning one of his tenderest yodles. There was a lot more crazy clapping. In military terms, Gid's position was becoming untenable, for stirring couples were drifting his way. Gid backed into the darkness and fled to his skunk-truck.

The next morning he rushed to deliver the glad tidings to Je'miah. The old man screamed in rage, "It's a dirty lie! Joey was home and at breakfast!"

"He snuck in before day, then, for I got forty witnesses. Rood Potts maybe told 'em all to keep their jaws shut, but just the samey him and the teacher was there. Now's the time to spook Joey and fire that teacher!"

"I'll do both, if it's the last thing on earth I do!" Je'miah roared in fierce resolution. "I'm calling a board meeting at first dark this evening. You be there!"

Gid chuckled, "Bub, will I! Now, about my note, Je'miah, about my note—"

"Note! Pay up, drat you!"

Joey, incredulous, cried in admiration, "You're a wonder, honey!"

Nanette said, "I think of us going down the years, Joey, maybe in a little cabin like the Bean cabin—farm, chickens, pigs, and simple happiness. Silly, you say? Perhaps. But let it be so. That is our life, as I make it of dream stuff. I'll teach another year and save my salary. You'll be the latest wonder on the air, and we'll marry, and won't it be wonderful?"

by HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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The school board toted old Gid to the door, counted one-two-three, and Gid rose, did a bucking but graceful arc, and hit the ground about fifteen feet outside.

During the day Je'miah saw the other school trustees, Hank Hicks and Jesse Leverage. Judge Jesse, magistrate, notary public, noted law-giver of Hog Jowl, all his activities geared to coincide with his medieval interpretations of the law books, was of the opinion that Miss Nanette must also be on hand to speak in her defense. Je'miah snarled, "Aw rats!" This would sour his crock of milk. But he was forced to give in to Uncle

ette's direction from pie suppers and other funds. The other trustees arrived. Gid panted in with the agitated breathlessness of a steam shovel climbing a mountain. Nanette, last to arrive, was a pretty, composed figure. She greeted them all with a bright smile, and the meeting came to order.

Je'miah, chairman of the board, said, "The star witness will take the stand. Gid Huckleby, tell the truth, the hull truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Shore!" Gid said with relish. "Me, I suckled the bottle of truth through infancy, and fed on the cream and sop of integrity ever since. I war up Skunk Run trading and trafficking for hides when I seen Joey Bean and Miss—Miss—the gal-critter yonder, carrying on sinful dancing at Rood Potts' cabin. Yas-sir, and that ain't the half I done seen, neither!" He paused dramatically and rolled his eyes.

"And then she started raining, boys, and it rained catfish and tadpoles and alligator claws. Then here come a thunderbolt. The bolt spewed out of a tail of blue blazes like a comet, and I was standing under a sickymore tree and the bolt shaved that tree and liked to taken off two-thirds of my backbone."

Je'miah demanded impatiently, "Did she dance, when it air against the rules?"

Gid reared back. "Did she! Bub, I spied the most sinfulllest carryings-on ever I seen. Her and Joey got off in the dark and bussed!"

"You mean," Judge Jesse said, "they kissed?"

"They shore did."

Je'miah glared, and Hank Hicks nearly fell off his chair. Old Jesse wanted to know, "What's a kiss between young folks?"

"It's sinful and agin' the board rules fer the school teacher to go kissin' anybody. She drug Joey back in the house and yelled, 'Joey, beller like you will over the broadcast—'"

Je'miah sat up stiff. "Broadcast—"

TOWN COVER:

EAGLE BLUFF On the Mississippi FOUNTAIN CITY, WISCONSIN

Highest point on the Mississippi, 600 feet above river level, is Eagle Bluff, above Fountain City, Wisconsin.

Its natural harbor and many springs induced early settlement here, and Fountain City soon became a shipping point for grain, meat and lumber. Centennial of the founding of the city will be celebrated in 1939.

Completion of government dams in 1937 made the upper Mississippi directly accessible for ocean freight ships, with cargoes of oil, gasoline, coal, wheat and corn, which connect at Fountain City with main highways and railroads. The Government River Maintenance Division, boatyards and warehouses are located here.

Fountain City, center of a rich agricultural and creamery section, has rock quarrying and breweries as the main industries. Many people are attracted by its winter sports which include skiing, coasting, skating and ice-boating.

In speechless rage old Je'miah leaped to his feet. "Dang your picture, Gid Huckleby, that air's my boy you're talking about! Who says he sounds like a sow with its snout ketched in a steel trap—"

Hicks said, "What sort of fool witnessin' is this anyhow?"

Leverage asked, "Gid, how come you war snooping and spying, anyhow?"

Gid bridled, always sensitive to impeachment of his veracity. They were trying to cross-examine him, that's what—make a liar out of him. At first he was angry enough to swear. A cunning grin entered his sparse whiskers. Assuming a childlike expression, he turned first to Je'miah Bean. "They wropped thar arms around each other like them barren bean vines of your'n wropping around the gyarden palings, i'gonnies." Next, guilelessly, he included the whole school board. "Did I ever tell you how Je'miah read his alminicker for moon signs to plant his fine beans by, and disklivered he had the wrong book what was ten year old?" He broke out in belly-churning laughter. Je'miah took on a look like a suck-egg dog caught trying to get juice out of a china nest-egg. But Gid wasn't through. "And did I ever tell you all what Judge O. P. Thompson of the Circuit Co't said about Jesse?"

Leverage got red and barked, "Well, what?"

"Said your nose was flat kaze you rummed it down reading in the code of 1838, and hadn't had a fresh idee since the Johnstown Flood. Even if you'd had a new idee it would of paralyzed ye. Said he was going to have to put in a reversing machine to take keer of your decisions as fast as you made 'em!"

Jesse Leverage gulped like a catfish three hours out of water. Gid turned his artillery on Hank Hicks.

"Best one I ever got on Hank, thar, was the time when he had two wagins in Bold Creek soaking on the tires. One of the wagins was loaded with logs and had a team of oxen hitched to it. 'Tother load was unhitched. Well, Hank he figgered he would give the bulls a little boost, and grabbed one of the wheels and hefted his shoulder to it and yelled, 'Gee-whoop thar, cows!' He hefted till he was purple in the face as huckleberries, but the wagin never budged. Hank he look up to see how come the cows wasn't making thar contribution, and he was muscling the wrong wagin!"

There was a hush.

Nanette's cool voice came, very sympathetic, "Uncle Gid, Uncle Je'miah is top-dressing his beans with potash and phosphate to neutralize the richness of nitrogen in his land, and he'll make the best beans in the country." She con-

Continued On Page 10

WITNESS

Jesse's legal scruples. In any case, he could handle Hicks, who owed him money. He summoned the teacher for the night's inquisition.

That night Je'miah arrived at the neat, brand-new little schoolhouse, built by the settlement under Miss Nan-

Gid seemed not to hear. "Thinks I to myself, if Joey take to bellering over the air like a sow with its snout ketched in a steel trap, it'll burn out all the sets from Skunk Run to the cliffs of Hell'n-Damnation!" Je'miah would like this, giving music tunket.

TOWN QUIZ: STIMULATING MENTAL CONTEST FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CREDIT yourself with 1 point for each question answered correctly. 10 is considered average, 12 good and 14 or more excellent. Answers are on page 6.

1—If your friends are celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary, you'll give them a present of . . .
gold silver
wood tin

2—The slaughter house may not be such a nice place for the cattle, but it has an intriguing name. Do you know which it is?
catafalque mortuary
mausoleum abattoir

3—When someone we know is forever wavering between despair and high hopes we are apt to think of Dickens' famous character and call him another . . .
Fagin David Copperfield
Mr. Micawber Scrooge

4—You'd hardly think of vegetables and music together; yet the "musical sweet potato" is another name for an . . .
accordion harmonica
saxophone ocarina

5—Prize-ring enthusiasts know the Manassa Mauler as . . .
Firpo Tunney
Carpentier Dempsey

6—The mumble-jumble man is going on a trip. His itinerary includes these cities:

DIHYOOLLW
ULTUDH
VCNEADELL
FOUABFL

7—Match these fields of endeavor below with the words which are peculiar to each field:

publishing	sponsor
radio	filibuster
medicine	format
politics	sedative

8—Here's a chance to check your spelling score. Correct the misspelled words in the following sentences:

(a) The man reserved a birth on the train.
(b) This material is very course.
(c) My client is defendent in this action.

9—And just to prove that your grammar is as good as your spelling, locate the sentences which are incorrect.

(a) The teacher, as well as the students and visitors, was laughing heartily.

(b) There is three answers to that question.

(c) She is one of those girls who talks too much.

10—Authorities on Mother Goose rhymes can answer these questions without any hesitation:

(a) Who are made of "Snaps and snails and puppy-dog's tails"?
(b) Who went to fetch a pail of water?
(c) Who met a Pie-man?

11—The city known as the "Windy City" is . . .
St. Louis Seattle
St. Paul Chicago

12—The Gadsden Purchase gave the United States a tract of land now comprising parts of . . .
Oklahoma and Utah
Texas and New Mexico
Colorado and Arizona
New Mexico and Arizona

13—If a friend of yours is studying ceramics, you know that you can go to him for information on . . .
radio movies
canning pottery

14—Many keep diaries, but few diaries will ever be as famous as that of . . .

Napoleon
Wordsworth
Anatole France
Samuel Pepys

15—The "Last Supper," a picture of eternal beauty, was painted by . . .
Rubens Leonardo da Vinci
Rembrandt Raphael

16—If you've ever cried out, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," you have been quoting . . .
Dickens Shakespeare
Dumas Zane Grey

17—The actress highly commended for her work in "Victoria Regina," Broadway hit, is . . .
Ruth Gordon Helen Menken
Helen Hayes Katherine Cornell

18—If you were swallowed by a whale, you could sympathize with the Biblical character who had such a terrifying experience. He was . . .
Joshua Job
Joseph Jonah

19—Here are some famous names. Can you match them?
Sherlock Holmes Friday
Mr. Gallagher Mr. Hyde
Robinson Crusoe Dr. Watson
Dr. Jekyll Mr. Shean

20—If your firm sent you on business to Nicaragua, you'd sail for . . .
Africa South America
West Indies Central America

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

SUSAN AND MRS. STEWART STROLL THROUGH 'TOYLAND'

"OH, MOMIE! Look quick! Look quick!" Susan cried. Mrs. Stewart and Susan had gone to the city and were wandering through "Toyland" in a big department store.

"Look, Momie! Mickey Mouse drummer on wheels! Isn't that too cute? He drums and beats a — what do you call that, Momie?"

"A cymbal," explained Mrs. Stewart. "But look at this one! Here are Doc and Dopey thumping on a log. And see the little dog on his 'honkeys' banging a bell to call attention to his hot dog wagon. But, Susan, here's the best one of all! Donald Duck playing on a xylophone. It has seven keys, too. I love these musical toys."

"Did you see the teddy-bear parade?" Susan asked. "Let me pull it and show you what it does. The little one in front twirls a stick and the teddy bear behind him beats a drum. Isn't that cunning?"

"I should say so," laughed Mrs. Stewart. "And here are some pull toys that don't make any music but come apart and fit together again. They'd be very nice for Elizabeth when she gets a little older, wouldn't they?"

"Oh, a tiny tot tumbler, Momie. Do you see how it works? It keeps turning over as it rolls along. And here are soldiers in a fort on wheels. Oh! You can lift them up and make them lie crosswise. What does this do? I'll pull it and see."

"Well, for goodness sake!" Mrs. Stewart was shaking with laughter. "Those four, funny clowns turn around and around as they ride. What will toy-makers think up next? Here's something splendid. A form toy to teach little children the different shapes of objects. Did you see those beads on a platform, Susan? You can lift them off one by one, then put them back on the wooden platform again."

"And this bead cart is nice, I think, Momie. You string the beads and make different things. Rubber blocks! Oh, can't you get these for Elizabeth's Christmas present? They come in a basket, a box or a cart. Some have letters on them and some have animals. Don't you think she's old enough to like them?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stewart, "she couldn't do any harm if she threw them, could she? What a grand idea to make a baby's blocks out of rubber! Here's an alphabet, Susan, made of large wooden letters that stand up. Each one is an animal—see? The 'B' is a bear, 'C' a cat; that's a clever idea."

"Here's a Snow White set of dishes that won't break! Knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups and saucers. They are made of real aluminum, Susan. Isn't that drip coffee-pot cute?"

"And a cooking set, Mother! It has a rolling pin! Look at the little egg beater. I could really cook in those cake tins, couldn't I?"

"Sixteen pieces!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart. "Let's see what this verse is on the box:

You can live without music
You can live without books
But show me the one
Who can live without cooks!

"That's certainly true, isn't it? We couldn't live long unless someone cooked our food."

"Look quick! Here's Snoopy Sniffer—that dog on wheels. Remember? We saw a real old lady pulling him along the street."

"Are you suggesting, Susan, that we give him to Grandma for Christmas?"

Susan laughed. "Here's that Jack letter game that Mrs. Moore was telling about. And—oh, let me see if I can get the horseshoe in the right place with the Pitch-M-Up set. I missed. I guess Peter could do it though. 'The Band Box'? What's that?"

Continued On Page 10



HOME SERVICE

Learn Novel Dances
For More Fun

ARE YOU a jitterbug? Have you lost your heart and feet to "swing"?

Even at a formal dance, it's not necessary to wait till everyone's doing the shag. Feel free as a bird to introduce it whenever you like.

But remember, the ballroom shag is a bit different from the kind danced in the Big Apple.

For the sake of lightness, dance high on the balls of the feet. For greater freedom, keep a little distance from your partner. Don't swing feet out and around, but try to get as smooth an effect as you can.

Practice the double shag, shown in the diagram: (1) Step on left foot. (2) Hop on left foot, touching right toe back of left foot. (3) Jump lightly to right foot. (4) Hop on right foot, touching left toe back of right foot. (5) Take small light jump to left foot. (6) Small light jump to right foot.

LEARN shag variations from directions and diagrams in our thirty-two page booklet, *Dance party ideas*. Contests.

Send ten cents for your copy of Booklet 153, "Successful Dance Parties," to TOWN, Home Service Bureau, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

Also available at ten cents per copy is: Booklet 146, "Home Course in New Ballroom Dances."

MODERN WOMEN by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

WOMEN ARE FOOLISH TO BELIEVE THAT MEN CAN BE CHANGED

FOR ALL WOMEN'S boasted intuition, men are better judges of character. The still, small voices that women claim will warn them of danger seem curiously stilled when the tall, dark stranger crosses their path. Men get taken in by women, of course, but not as often as women are taken in by personable men, sometimes not such personable ones at that.

The qualities that attract women to men are surface qualities. They are swept off their feet by physical attraction. When that happens there isn't much one can do for them but let time and experiences cure them of the rash habit of judging by appearances alone.

When a woman sees a man who seems her ideal, she immediately builds him a character suitable to his appearance and to her desire. When a man sees a woman who has all the outward and visible signs that spell beauty to him, he is sane enough to let it go at that. He does not try to build up her character to conform to his ideal—at least, the average male doesn't. He is content that the lady pleases his eye. It's enough for the moment, for he is not planning on marriage. But women are different. In every new male is a potential husband. He must be invested with all the attributes that particular woman thinks she likes in husbands.

Women become embittered when men fail to live up to their idea of them. This isn't very sensible and proves, I think, that women, by and large, are not good judges of character when romance is involved.

It is unfair to blame a person for not living up to an ideal he never pretended to be. "But I never told you I was like that," the poor bewildered male will protest, and he probably never suspected that anyone could be foolish enough to build up any such character for him.

The inexperienced young man, enthralled for the first time by a woman, may be excused for thinking she is his ideal—just because she looks that way. And so, of course, the naive young girl may be excused for falling into the same error. The pity of it is that the man usually discovers that his goddess has feet of clay, while the girl goes on deceiving herself and attributing all the nice qualities she demands in a man to every man who pleases her fancy. She never seems to learn that the man has his own brand of character and should be accepted as he is, not as the answer to all her dreams.

When women learn to accept people as they are, not as we hope they are or want them to be, we will save ourselves gallons of tears.

What it is in a woman's character that makes her determined to make people over according to her pattern is something of a mystery. I doubt whether men do this so much. They are pretty well grounded in the belief that a leopard really doesn't change his spots. It's a difficult school of thought for a woman to accept. She may even admit that such is the accepted story about leopards, but she believes her particular pet will change his spots if she shows him how—which is stuff and nonsense.

The woman who is seriously attracted to a man and thinks of accepting him in marriage had better do it without any mental reservation that she is going to change him after marriage. Marriage itself may change him, but the woman herself can't. He may find life so pleasant at home, for instance, that he prefers to stay there; and he may find the companionship of his wife more than adequate compensation for the loss of the companionship of other women. But these are changes that circumstances work in him without conscious effort on the woman's part.

ACTS OF REVERENCE ARE TRACED TO ANCIENT TIMES

GENERAL of France, why do you kiss that hero? Lady Brown, why do you curtsy before the queen? Mr. Blank, why do you lift your hat to greet that lady? Father Kelly, why do you genuflect before the altar?

These acts of respect and reverence seem to have originated in worship of the gods in the ancient world. Sumerians and Egyptians folded one arm across the waist and extended the other with an offering to the gods. Sometimes, instead of holding out the hand with an offering, they placed it across the lips and then threw a kiss to the gods. Kiss-throwing was both an act of religious devotion and personal salutation.

According to the Bible (I Kings 19:18) Elijah heard God say: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." Thus we learn that

genuflecting and kissing were used in worship by Hebrews.

In the Psalms (134:2, King James Version), we read: "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord." Lifting the hand seems to have been a modification of the kiss-throwing. As was their custom, ancient Hebrews stood worshipping with hands extended toward heaven.

Kneeling and prostration before the gods apparently began among Babylonians and Assyrians. In Persia it was the custom to bend the knee and then fall forward touching the face to the ground and kissing it. Greeks and Romans bared their heads before the images of some gods, and waved kisses to them.

Gradually, homage to rulers copied that to the gods, with genuflection, saluting, kissing the hand, and the like. In the East, subjects prostrate themselves before forehead to the ground before native rulers even today. The nobles of England still kiss the hand of the newly crowned monarch. The military hero of France receives a kiss on both cheeks. The devout kiss the bishop's ring, and the Pope's foot is kissed after the custom of honoring Emperor Diocletian.

PROFILES . . .

Hazel Franklin

HAZEL FRANKLIN, 13, of Burnmouth, England, has come to America to make Sonja Henie of Norway look to her laurels. . . Experts say Hazel may easily outshadow Sonja. . . In an opening exhibition before the figure skating fans and members of the press at Madison Square Garden, little Hazel had them standing about with their jaws hanging open. . . Harold Nicholson, thrice world figure skating champion, asked the girl to do the "double Salchow"—an exquisite series of gliding steps that end in a double revolution off the ice. . . In all the world there are only two other persons who can do it—but Hazel did it. . . Hazel, with her mother, is on the way to Hollywood, the mecca of ice skaters, where she hopes to meet Shirley Temple, whose every move she follows through the newspapers.

YOUR CHILD

by

JANE H. GOWARD

PRYING INTO TOT'S ACTIVITIES KILLS HIS INTEREST

TOMMY was scribbling with great activity over a large piece of wrapping paper. He probably had no other purpose in view than to cover it with marks. The materials were handy, and he may have started "drawing" just to be doing something.

Mother, who tried to encourage a little self-expression, was glad to see him at it. She stood puzzling over his handiwork, trying to figure it out. One mass of curves suggested a hurricane.

"Is this a storm?" she asked. There was no answer.

She tried again. "Tommy, what are you making?"

Then Tommy's tongue disappeared into his mouth, a sign he no longer was deeply absorbed in his work. His movements slowed down and he stopped.

Pointing to something that looked like an omicron, mother inquired, "What's that?"

"That," the youngster answered hesitatingly, "is a hat."

"That's never a hat," mother corrected, and started to draw a model for the lad. "Try to copy this. Go on," she urged; "see if you can make one. What's the matter? Don't you like it?"

The youngster, however, wasn't thinking of the hat. He

simply felt glum and began to lose interest in drawing. This mood lasted until he discovered the dishpan in the sink and went to dabble in it.

During the early years, the child understands the world around him but vaguely, and himself, even less. Something within him drives him to activity. Often he starts at some pursuit merely as an outlet for his energies. Interest in what he is doing may be born after he has been at it for a while. But this is impossible where the parent asks too many questions of the child and constantly interrupts so that she may teach him or volunteer aid.

If there are any questions, let the child ask them. Generally, he will also ask for help, if necessary. Interrupting a busy child to find out what he is doing destroys his interest. One will observe him quietly, if really interested, and see for himself.

SYNOPSIS
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SYNOPSIS—A huge black something sweeps across Loch Lare in the Scottish Highlands, and a postman, rowing with letters to a castle on a little island owned by Martin Benson, disappears in the swirling waters. Peter Hayton of the Daily Courier is one of the London newspapermen sent to the scene of the strange tragedy. Jonathan Jow, who has solved other mysteries for Hayton, accompanies him to Scotland, having received a telegram from Martin Benson saying that the people of the neighborhood believe that the postman has been a victim, and not the first one, of a monster inhabiting the lake. Benson asks Jow, noted as a big game hunter, to investigate and issue a statement to dispel the disturbing rumors. On the train, a saw-toothed stranger named Oppermann speaks to them. "Mention of the name Martin Benson interested me," he says. "I know a good deal about him." When he leaves, Jonathan Jow says, "He's a killer." Peter and Jow are rowed out to the castle. Later, Hayton and Jow see a fantastic creature in the loch and hear strange sounds in the castle. They follow a passage to a sealed chamber which has curious dials and other strange equipment, where Benson and the village doctor are working to revive the unconscious form of Benson's boatman. At Hempstead police station a man who claims to be David Norway, a scientist, confesses he has bred a monster which is dwelling in Loch Lare. The police sergeant laughs at him and tells him to "go home and sleep it off."

Part Five of—A story of the adventures of a newspaperman and a big game hunter in search of a murderous sea monster that villagers insisted haunted the mist-covered waters of rock-bound Loch Lare

from my news editor and the jubilant explanation by Jill Johnson. In the midst of my miserable meditations Jonathan Jow entered the dining room. He was obviously in good spirits.

"As soon as you've finished your breakfast," he announced, "we'll go over the loch to the village. I've a telephone call to make."

I sighed ruefully, showed him the message I had received from London.

"I guessed that young person

"Yes," mused Jonathan Jow, "that is just how a man in a diving suit and helmet would look in the night."

"A man in a diving suit!" I exclaimed.

"And that queer, sucking noise you heard—that was the air-supply apparatus."

"Then what we saw later on in that queer room—" I cried, the explanation dawning on me.

"Exactly," nodded Jonathan Jow. "It was an air-compression chamber used for divers. The fellow whom we saw stretched

don. We talked for a few minutes, and then I left them and strolled back to the post office—Jonathan Jow was sitting outside, smoking a cheroot.

"A strange story," he mused, "And one which you newspaper fellows have forgotten. But this happened eight years ago. The body of a man, shot in the back, was washed ashore here. They'll tell you in the village here that the loch claims at least one victim every year. Eight years ago it nearly claimed three."

"What happened?" I asked, aroused.

"I telephoned police headquarters in Edinburgh," said Jonathan Jow. "They told me, what I dimly remembered, that a safe deposit company in that city was robbed eight years ago and the three criminals who arranged it got away with precious stones to the value of over half a million pounds."

is all dangerous surmise. It's got to be proved."

"It will be proved," said Jonathan Jow. "I'm sure of Martin Benson. That's why he is engaged in diving operations in Loch Lare. It's worth it. Half a million pounds of precious stones. I checked the details of the plunder by another telephone call, this time to the safe deposit company in Edinburgh."

"But what I can't understand," I said, "is why Martin Benson, a criminal and a murderer, should go out of his way to invite a scientist down to Lare castle."

"It baffled me," agreed Jonathan Jow. "But I think the explanation is equally simple. The legend of a monster in Loch Lare has existed for a long time. Up to a point, it suited Martin Benson to let the legend persist. It enabled him to conduct his diving operations at night without any fear of interruption by the villagers. And if they saw anything moving near the castle, they would swear it was the monster, although in reality it was Martin Benson and his divers working from a floating platform."

"But one diver was killed during the operations and, when his body was found, the lungs crushed by the depths to which he had descended, Benson began to be afraid. His fears increased when the postman, Thomas Hamilton, disappeared. The story of the monster became more than a local legend. It reached the London newspapers. Benson realized that his diving operations in Loch Lare were likely to be discovered."

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

was no feminine fool," he nodded. "So she's scooped you, eh?"

"Yes, with her usual tricks—vamping Benson and anybody in the immediate vicinity of her," I grunted.

Jonathan Jow said a kindly hand on my shoulder.

"Don't worry, my boy. I promise you a newspaper story

out was a diver who had met with an accident. They were bringing him round, slowly. The slimy, gray thing on the floor over which the doctor had flung his plaid shawl was the rubber diving suit. Simple, isn't it?"

"But why this mysterious diving in Loch Lare at night, then?" I asked. "Aren't they seeking the monster?"

"Half a million pounds!" I whistled.

"Yes. The thieves had a powerful car, and they set off northwards. They reached this village. Here they abandoned the car, carried the plunder to a boat in the night, and set off to row across the loch. Something happened before they reached the other side," said Jonathan.



PART FIVE

THE OLD biologist looked crushed. Slowly he turned on his heel and shuffled to the doorway. As he passed down the steps, he heard shouts of laughter, the jovial laughter of the policemen who had been enjoying a good joke.

He sensed at once that they were laughing at him. Fiercely he turned, his eyes blazing with anger. Then he realized the futility of it all.

"They don't believe me," he muttered. "Fools... all of them. What a world... So I must deal with the monster myself."

In the police station the sergeant was about to tear the foolscap sheets, and then hesitated.

"You're not going to send these in to headquarters, surely?" asked one of the constables.

The sergeant chuckled. "Why not? It might amuse someone. And it'll prove that we do work at this station, anyhow."

I MADE a miserable breakfast, following upon that telegram

that will really excite Fleet Street."

Ten minutes later we were in the dinghy.

Jonathan Jow took the oars and rowed for a quarter of a mile.

"Of course we're being observed from Lare Castle," he said quietly. "Through binoculars, I expect. I caught the flash of sun upon glass. It's rather annoying, because I wanted to row toward those cliffs."

"Why the cliffs?" I asked.

"Oh, I expect we should find caves and all kinds of queer things. The thing we saw from the window of my room last night was coming from the direction of those cliffs."

I shuddered at the recollection of that creature with the goggled eyes and the gigantic round head glistening and dripping with water.

"Horrible!" I muttered.

Jonathan Jow laughed.

"It's queer how a very ordinary object can look horrible when our imagination is working," he said.

"Well, you must admit the thing did look horrible—a real Frankenstein creation."

Jonathan Jow shook his head.

"They're seeking something much more important to them than a monster. Something much more valuable, I should say. There's a very strong reason for a man like Martin Benson to buy a castle on Loch Lare, surround himself with experienced marine divers, and work night after night in the vicinity of those black cliffs."

At the post office the same red-haired woman welcomed us. To my disgust I noticed that she was wearing a new and gaudy hat—Jill Johnson's gift.

"Good morning, professor," she greeted Jonathan Jow. "Do you think you could put through a telephone call to Edinburgh for me?" said Jonathan Jow, with a smile.

I strolled out of the post office into the village street, and I met the newspapermen who had accompanied us from Lon-

"Not the monster?" I ejaculated.

Jonathan Jow shook his head. "No. But one of that trio was shot dead. Another was flung into the water and had to swim for his life. The third man rowed the boat somewhere towards those cliffs and toppled the plunder into the loch," he explained.

"Did they tell you that at police headquarters?" I asked breathlessly.

Again Jonathan Jow shook his head.

"No, they could only give me the facts of the robbery. But they did give me a brief description of the three men. What happened on the loch is my own surmise."

"And the three men?"

"The leader's description would fit Martin Benson, except for a few changes in eight years," remarked Jonathan Jow quietly.

"GOSH! What a story!" I remarked to Jonathan Jow.

This time I would surprise the Daily Courier and take the smirk off Jill's face. "Nevertheless," I added, "this

"We're being watched through binoculars from Lare Castle, I think," Jow said quietly. "I just caught the glare of sun upon glass. It's rather annoying, because I wanted to row toward those rocky cliffs."

And he had not yet located the loot. He took a bold course, a big gamble. He invited a scientist to come down to Lare castle and explode the myths. And even a newspaperman was acceptable. He also would help to burst the absurd bubble of mystery, as he called it.

"But the third man in the boat, the criminal who had to swim for his life, did he escape?"

"He did," nodded Jonathan Jow.

"And who is he?" I asked. Jonathan Jow did not reply. Instead, he rose and stretched himself.

"Good morning, Mr. Oppermann," he said. "Still worried about your alibi?"

by

W. J. MAKIN

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

SUSAN AND MRS. STEWART STROLL THROUGH 'TOYLAND'

"OH, MOMIE! Look quick! Look quick!" Susan cried. Mrs. Stewart and Susan had gone to the city and were wandering through "Toyland" in a big department store.

"Look, Momie! Mickey Mouse drummer on wheels! Isn't that too cute? He drums and beats a — what do you call that, Momie?"

"A cymbal," explained Mrs. Stewart. "But look at this one! Here are Doc and Dopey thumping on a log. And see the little dog on his 'honkeys' banging a bell to call attention to his hot dog wagon. But, Susan, here's the best one of all! Donald Duck playing on a xylophone. It has seven keys, too. I love these musical toys."

"Did you see the teddy-bear parade?" Susan asked. "Let me pull it and show you what it does. The little one in front twirls a stick and the teddy bear behind him beats a drum. Isn't that cunning?"

"I should say so," laughed Mrs. Stewart. "And here are some pull toys that don't make any music but come apart and fit together again. They'd be very nice for Elizabeth when she gets a little older, wouldn't they?"

"Oh, a tiny tot tumbler, Momie. Do you see how it works? It keeps turning over as it rolls along. And here are soldiers in a fort on wheels. Oh! You can lift them up and make them lie crosswise. What does this do? I'll pull it and see."

"Well, for goodness sake!" Mrs. Stewart was shaking with laughter. "Those four, funny clowns turn around and around as they ride. What will toy-makers think up next? Here's something splendid. A form toy to teach little children the different shapes of objects. Did you see those beads on a platform, Susan? You can lift them off one by one, then put them back on the wooden platform again."

"And this bead cart is nice, I think, Momie. You string the beads and make different things. Rubber blocks! Oh, can't you get these for 'Elizabeth's Christmas present? They come in a basket, a box or a cart. Some have letters on them and some have animals. Don't you think she's old enough to like them?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stewart, "she couldn't do any harm if she threw them, could she? What a grand idea to make a baby's blocks out of rubber! Here's an alphabet, Susan, made of large wooden letters that stand up. Each one is an animal—see? The 'B' is a bear, 'C' a cat; that's a clever idea."

"Here's a Snow White set of dishes that won't break! Knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups and saucers. They are made of real aluminum, Susan. Isn't that drip coffee-pot cute?"

"And a cooking set, Mother! It has a rolling pin! Look at the little egg beater. I could really cook in those cake tins, couldn't I?"

"Sixteen pieces!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart. "Let's see what this verse is on the box:

"You can live without music
You can live without books
But show me the one
Who can live without cook!"

"That's certainly true, isn't it? We couldn't live long unless someone cooked our food."

"Look quick! Here's Snoopy Sniffer—that dog on wheels. Remember? We saw a real old lady pulling him along the street."

"Are you suggesting, Susan, that we give him to Grandma for Christmas?"

Susan laughed. "Here's that Jack letter game that Mrs. Moore was telling about. And—oh, let me see if I can get the horseshoe in the right place with the Pitch-M-Up set. I missed. I guess Peter could do it though. 'The Band Box'! What's that?"

Continued On Page 10

PRYING INTO TOT'S ACTIVITIES KILLS HIS INTEREST

TOMMY was scribbling with great activity over a large piece of wrapping paper. He probably had no other purpose in view than to cover it with marks. The materials were handy, and he may have started "drawing" just to be doing something.

Mother, who tried to encourage a little self-expression, was glad to see him at it. She stood puzzling over his handiwork, trying to figure it out. One mass of curves suggested a hurricane.

"Is this a storm?" she asked. There was no answer.

She tried again. "Tommy, what are you making?"

Then Tommy's tongue disappeared into his mouth, a sign he no longer was deeply absorbed in his work. His movements slowed down and he stopped.

Pondering to something that looked like an omelet, mother inquired, "What's that?"

"That," the youngster answered hesitatingly, "is a hat."

"That's never a hat," mother corrected, and started to draw a model for the lad. "Try to copy this. Go on," she urged; "see if you can make one. What's the matter? Don't you like it?"

The youngster, however, wasn't thinking of the hat. He

simply felt glum and began to lose interest in drawing. This mood lasted until he discovered the dishpan in the sink and went to dabble in it.

During the early years, the child understands the world around him but vaguely, and himself, even less. Something within him drives him to activity. Often he starts at some pursuit merely as an outlet for his energies. Interest in what he is doing may be born after he has been at it for a while. But this is impossible where the parent asks too many questions of the child and constantly interrupts so that she may teach him or volunteer aid.

If there are any questions, let the child ask them. Generally, he will also ask for help, if necessary. Interrupting a busy child to find out what he is doing destroys his interest. One will observe him quietly, if really interested, and see for himself.

YOUR CHILD

by

JANE H. GOWARD



HOME SERVICE

Learn Novel Dances For More Fun

ARE YOU a jitterbug? Have you lost your heart and feet to "swing"?

Even at a formal dance, it's not necessary to wait till everyone's doing the shag. Feel free as a bird to introduce it whenever you like.

But remember, the ballroom shag is a bit different from the kind danced in the Big Apple.

For the sake of lightness, dance high on the balls of the feet. For greater freedom, keep a little distance from your partner. Don't swing feet out and around, but try to get as smooth an effect as you can.

Practice the double shag, shown in the diagram: (1) Step on left foot. (2) Hop on left foot, touching right toe back of left foot. (3) Jump lightly to right foot. (4) Hop on right foot, touching left toe back of right foot. (5) Take small light jump to left foot. (6) Small light jump to right foot.

LEARN shag variations from directions and diagrams in our thirty-two page booklet, *Dance Party Ideas*. Contests.

Send ten cents for your copy of Booklet 153, "Successful Dance Parties," to TOWN, Home Service Bureau, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

Also available at ten cents per copy is: Booklet 146, "Home Course in New Ballroom Dances."

PROFILES . . .

Hazel Franklin

HAZEL FRANKLIN, 13, of Burnmouth, England, has come to America to make Sonja Henie of Norway look to her laurels . . . Experts say Hazel may easily outshadow Sonja . . . In an opening exhibition before the figure skating fans and members of the press at Madison Square Garden, little Hazel had them standing about with their jaws hanging open . . . Harold Nicholson, thrice world figure skating champion, asked the girl to do the "double Salchow"—an exquisite series of gliding steps that end in a double revolution off the ice . . . In all the world there are only two other persons who can do it—but Hazel did it . . . Hazel, with her mother, is on the way to Hollywood, the mecca of ice skaters, where she hopes to meet Shirley Temple, whose every move she follows through the newspapers.

MODERN WOMEN by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

WOMEN ARE FOOLISH TO BELIEVE THAT MEN CAN BE CHANGED

FOR ALL WOMEN'S boasted intuition, men are better judges of character. The still, small voices that women claim will warn them of danger seem curiously stilled when the tall, dark stranger crosses their path. Men get taken in by women, of course, but not as often as women are taken in by personable men, sometimes not such personable ones at that.

The qualities that attract women to men are surface qualities. They are swept off their feet by physical attraction. When that happens there isn't much one can do for them but let time and experiences cure them of the rash habit of judging by appearances alone.

When a woman sees a man who seems her ideal, she immediately builds him a character suitable to his appearance and to her desire. When a man sees a woman who has all the outward and visible signs that spell beauty to him, he is sane enough to let it go at that. He does not try to build up her character to conform to his ideal—at least, the average male doesn't. He is content that the lady pleases his eye. It's enough for the moment, for he is not planning on marriage. But women are different. In every new male is a potential husband. He must be invested with all the attributes that particular woman thinks she likes in husbands.

Women become embittered when men fail to live up to their idea of them. This isn't very sensible and proves, I think, that women, by and large, are not good judges of character when romance is involved.

It is unfair to blame a person for not living up to an ideal he never pretended to be. "But I never told you I was like that," she poor bewildered male will protest, and he probably never suspected that anyone could be foolish enough to build up any such character for him.

The inexperienced young man, enthralled for the first time by a woman, may be excused for thinking she is his ideal—just because she looks that way. And so, of course, the naive young girl may be excused for falling into the same error. The pity of it is that the man usually discovers that his goddess has feet of clay, while the girl goes on deceiving herself and attributing all the nice qualities she demands in a man to every man who pleases her fancy. She never seems to learn that the man has his own brand of character and should be accepted as he is, not as the answer to all her dreams.

When women learn to accept people as they are, not as we hope they are or want them to be, we will save ourselves gallons of tears.

What it is in a woman's character that makes her determined to make people over according to her pattern is something of a mystery. I doubt whether men do this so much. They are pretty well grounded in the belief that a leopard really doesn't change his spots. It's a difficult school of thought for a woman to accept. She may even admit that such is the accepted story about leopards, but she believes her particular pet will change his spots if she shows him how—which is stuff and nonsense.

The woman who is seriously attracted to a man and thinks of accepting him in marriage had better do it without any mental reservation that she is going to change him after marriage. Marriage itself may change him, but the woman herself can't. He may find life so pleasant at home, for instance, that he prefers to stay there; and he may find the companionship of his wife more than adequate compensation for the loss of the companionship of other women. But these are changes that circumstances work in him without conscious effort on the woman's part.

ACTS OF REVERENCE ARE TRACED TO ANCIENT TIMES

GENERAL of France, why do you kiss that hero? Lady Brown, why do you curtsy before the queen? Mr. Blank, why do you lift your hat to greet that lady? Father Kelly, why do you genuflect before the altar?

These acts of respect and reverence seem to have originated in worship of the gods in the ancient world. Sumerians and Egyptians folded one arm across the waist and extended the other with an offering to the gods. Sometimes, instead of holding out the hand with an offering, they placed it across the lips and then threw a kiss to the gods. Kiss-throwing was both an act of religious devotion and personal salutation.

According to the Bible (I Kings 19:18) Elijah heard God say: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." Thus we learn that

genuflecting and kissing were used in worship by Hebrews.

In the Psalms (134:2, King James Version), we read: "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord." Lifting the hands seems to have been a modification of the kiss-throwing. As was their custom, ancient Hebrews stood worshipping with hands extended toward heaven.

Kneeling and prostration before the gods apparently began among Babylonians and Assyrians. In Persia it was the custom to bend the knee and then fall forward touching the face to the ground and kissing it. Greeks and Romans bared their heads before the images of some gods, and waved kisses to them.

Gradually, homage to rulers copied that to the gods, with genuflection, saluting, kissing the hand, and the like. In the East, subjects prostrate themselves with forehead to the ground before native rulers even today. The nobles of England still kiss the hand of the newly crowned monarch. The military hero of France receives a kiss on both cheeks. The devout kiss the bishop's ring, and the Pope's foot is kissed after the custom of honoring Emperor Diocletian.

OLD CUSTOMS

by

L. H. W.

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SYNOPSIS—A huge black something sweeps across Loch Lare in the Scottish Highlands, and a postman, rowing with letters to a castle on a little island owned by Martin Benson, disappears in the swirling waters. Peter Hayton of the Daily Courier is one of the London newspapermen sent to the scene of the strange tragedy. Jonathan Jow, who has solved other mysteries for Hayton, accompanies him to Scotland, having received a telegram from Martin Benson saying that the people of the neighborhood believe that the postman has been a victim, and not the first one, of a monster inhabiting the lake. Benson asks Jow, noted as a big game hunter, to investigate and issue a statement to dispel the disturbing rumors. On the train, a sallow-faced stranger named Oppermann speaks to them. "Mention of the name Martin Benson interested me," he says. "I know a good deal about him." When he leaves, Jonathan Jow says, "He's a killer." Peter and Jow are rowed out to the castle. Later, Hayton and Jow see a fantastic creature in the loch and hear strange sounds in the castle. They follow a passage to a sealed chamber which has curious dials and other strange equipment, where Benson and the village doctor are working to revive the unconscious form of Benson's boatman. At Hempstead police station a man who claims to be David Norway, a scientist, confesses he has bred a monster which is dwelling in Loch Lare. The police sergeant laughs at him and tells him to "go home and sleep it off."

Part Five of—A story of the adventures of a newspaperman and a big game hunter in search of a murderous sea monster that villagers insisted haunted the mist-covered waters of rock-bound Loch Lare

from my news editor and the jubilant explanation by Jill Johnson. In the midst of my miserable meditations Jonathan Jow entered the dining room. He was obviously in good spirits.

"As soon as you've finished your breakfast," he announced, "we'll go over the loch to the village. I've a telephone call to make."

I sighed ruefully, showed him the message I had received from London.

"I guessed that young person

"Yes," mused Jonathan Jow, "that is just how a man in a diving suit and helmet would look in the night."

"A man in a diving suit!" I exclaimed.

"And that queer, sucking noise you heard—that was the air-supply apparatus."

"Then what we saw later on in that queer room—" I cried, the explanation dawning on me.

"Exactly," nodded Jonathan Jow. "It was an air-compression chamber used for divers. The fellow whom we saw stretched

don. We talked for a few minutes, and then I left them and strolled back to the post office—Jonathan Jow was sitting outside, smoking a cheroot.

"A strange story," he mused. "And one which you newspaper fellows have forgotten. But this happened eight years ago. The body of a man, shot in the back, was washed ashore here. They'll tell you in the village here that the loch claims at least one victim every year. Eight years ago it nearly claimed three."

"What happened?" I asked, aroused.

"I telephoned police headquarters in Edinburgh," said Jonathan Jow. "They told me, what I dimly remembered, that a safe deposit company in that city was robbed eight years ago and the three criminals who arranged it got away with precious stones to the value of over half a million pounds."

is all dangerous surmise. It's got to be proved."

"It will be proved," said Jonathan Jow. "I'm sure of Martin Benson. That's why he is engaged in diving operations in Loch Lare. It's worth it. Half a million pounds of precious stones. I checked the details of the plunder by another telephone call, this time to the safe deposit company in Edinburgh."

"But what I can't understand," I said, "is why Martin Benson, a criminal and a murderer, should go out of his way to invite a scientist down to Lare castle."

"It baffled me," agreed Jonathan Jow. "But I think the explanation is equally simple. The legend of a monster in Loch Lare has existed for a long time. Up to a point, it suited Martin Benson to let the legend persist. It enabled him to conduct his diving operations at night without any fear of interruption by the villagers. And if they saw anything moving near the castle, they would swear it was the monster, although in reality it was Martin Benson and his divers working from a floating platform."

"But one diver was killed during the operations and, when his body was found, the lungs crushed by the depths to which he had descended, Benson began to be afraid. His fears increased when the postman, Thomas Hamilton, disappeared. The story of the monster became more than a local legend. It reached the London newspapers. Benson realized that his diving operations in Loch Lare were likely to be discovered."

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

was no feminine fool," he nodded. "So she's scooped you, eh?"

"Yes, with her usual tricks—vamping Benson and anybody in the immediate vicinity of her," I grunted.

Jonathan Jow slid a kindly hand on my shoulder.

"Don't worry, my boy. I promise you a newspaper story

out was a diver who had met with an accident. They were bringing him round, slowly. The slimy, gray thing on the floor over which the doctor had flung his plaid shawl was the rubber diving suit. Simple, isn't it?"

"But why this mysterious diving in Loch Lare at night, then?" I asked. "Aren't they seeking the monster?"

"Half a million pounds!" I whistled.

"Yes. The thieves had a powerful car, and they set off northwards. They reached this village. Here they abandoned the car, carried the plunder to a boat in the night, and set off to row across the loch. Something happened before they reached the other side," said Jonathan.



PART FIVE

THE OLD biologist looked crushed. Slowly he turned on his heel and shuffled to the doorway. As he passed down the steps, he heard shouts of laughter, the jovial laughter of the policemen who had been enjoying a good joke.

He sensed at once that they were laughing at him. Fiercely he turned, his eyes blazing with anger. Then he realized the futility of it all.

"They don't believe me," he muttered. "Fools... all of them. What a world... So I must deal with the monster myself."

In the police station the sergeant was about to tear the foolscap sheets, and then hesitated.

"You're not going to send these in to headquarters, surely?" asked one of the constables.

The sergeant chuckled. "Why not? It might amuse someone. And it'll prove that we do work at this station, anyhow."

I MADE a miserable breakfast, following upon that telegram

that will really excite Fleet Street."

Ten minutes later we were in the dinghy.

Jonathan Jow took the oars and rowed for a quarter of a mile.

"Of course we're being observed from Lare Castle," he said quietly. "Through binoculars, I expect. I caught the flash of sun upon glass. It's rather annoying, because I wanted to row toward those cliffs."

"Why the cliffs?" I asked.

"Oh, I expect we should find caves and all kinds of queer things. The thing we saw from the window of my room last night was coming from the direction of those cliffs."

I shuddered at the recollection of that creature with the goggled eyes and the gigantic round head glistening and dripping with water.

"Horrible!" I muttered.

Jonathan Jow laughed. "It's queer how a very ordinary object can look horrible when our imagination is working," he said.

"Well, you must admit the thing did look horrible—a real Frankenstein creation."

Jonathan Jow shook his head. "They're seeking something much more important to them than a monster. Something much more valuable, I should say. There's a very strong reason for a man like Martin Benson to buy a castle on Loch Lare, surround himself with experienced marine divers, and work night after night in the vicinity of those black cliffs."

At the post office the same red-haired woman welcomed us. To my disgust I noticed that she was wearing a new and gaudy hat—Jill Johnson's gift.

"Good morning, professor," she greeted Jonathan Jow. "Do you think you could put through a telephone call to Edinburgh for me?" said Jonathan Jow, with a smile.

I strolled out of the post office into the village street, and I met the newspapermen who had accompanied us from London.

"Not the monster?" I ejaculated.

Jonathan Jow shook his head. "No. But one of that trio was shot dead. Another was flung into the water and had to swim for his life. The third man rowed the boat somewhere towards those cliffs and toppled the plunder into the loch," he explained.

"Did they tell you that at police headquarters?" I asked breathlessly.

Again Jonathan Jow shook his head.

"No, they could only give me the facts of the robbery. But they did give me a brief description of the three men. What happened on the loch is my own surmise."

"And the three men?"

"The leader's description would fit Martin Benson, except for a few changes in eight years," remarked Jonathan Jow quietly.

"GOSH! What a story!" I remarked to Jonathan Jow.

This time I would surprise the Daily Courier and take the smirk off Jill's face.

"Nevertheless," I added, "this

"We're being watched through binoculars from Lare Castle, I think," Jow said quietly. "I just caught the glare of sun upon glass. It's rather annoying, because I wanted to row toward those rocky cliffs."

And he had not yet located the loot. He took a bold course, a big gamble. He invited a scientist to come down to Lare castle and explode the myths. And even a newspaperman was acceptable. He also would help to burst the absurd bubble of mystery, as he called it.

"But the third man in the boat, the criminal who had to swim for his life, did he escape?"

"He did," nodded Jonathan Jow.

"And who is he?" I asked. Jonathan Jow did not reply. Instead, he rose and stretched himself.

"Good morning, Mr. Oppermann," he said. "Still worried about your alibi?"

by

W. J. MAKIN

How to Speak and Write Masterly English

Does your English reveal your lack of education, or does it prove that you are a person of culture and refinement? Are you handicapped in your speech and writing, or does your command of English rise to meet every occasion and every situation? English is the one tool you must use every day. This tells how you can improve it almost at once.

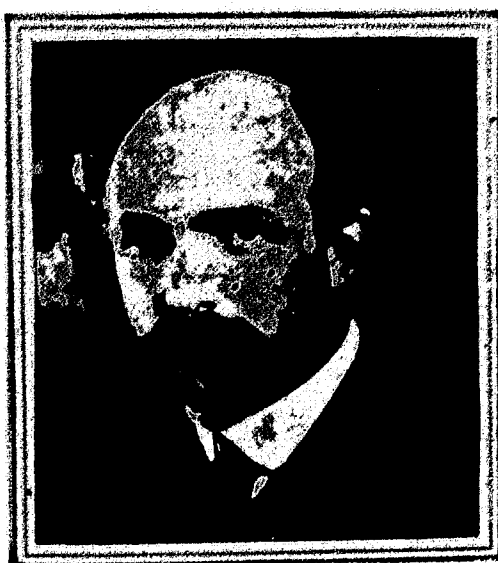
MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar," "calender" or "calandar." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, ordinary. Their speech and letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

Your English Reveals You

Does your English help or hurt you? Do you write and speak correctly or do your errors reveal and handicap you? Every time you talk or write you show what you are. When you mispronounce or use the wrong word, punctuate incorrectly, or use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. Words are the compelling force in business. Ideas can be expressed only in words. An unusual command of English enables you to present ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. English is a tool you use every day to improve your business or social position. If it is correct it helps you. If incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

Stop Making Mistakes

For years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. He appealed to school superintendents, and 150 of them placed classes at his disposal for experiment. He appealed to great corporations, and they let their employees be tested so Mr. Cody would know how accurate they really were. He was amazed to discover that the average person in school or business is



SHERWIN CODY

only 61% efficient in the vital points of English grammar. After countless experiments Mr. Cody finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of English in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you.

His Self-Correcting Method

Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device. Now he places it at your disposal. You do the lesson given on any particular page, then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that paper. You mark your errors, check them. Next week you try that page again, correct errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you failed to remember, and you compare your average with that of grammar school graduates, high school graduates, and experienced stenographers, until you reach the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, grammar, expression.

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Mr. Cody made thousands of tests and then applied scientific principles in developing his present method. He found that the trouble with old methods is that they do not stick in the mind. Rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The Sherwin Cody method forms correct habits by constantly calling attention to your own mistakes.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

One wonderful thing about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming drills can be done. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery of copying has been ended. Also, you do not have to go through material with which you are familiar. You concentrate on your mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

Write for FREE BOOK

A book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable course is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, pronunciation, if you ever grope for words, this book will prove a revelation.

A command of polished and effective English denotes education and culture. It wins friends, impresses others favorably, and is a key to social and business success. Now this efficient system of acquiring it is offered to you. Spare time study—15 minutes a day—in your own home will give you power of language worth more than you now realize.

Write for this new free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." Merely mail the coupon or a postal card. You never can reach your greatest possibilities until you use correct English. Write today for this free book. No agent will call. Sherwin Cody School of English, 14412 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your new free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day."

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"STEPPING STONE TO ADVANCEMENT"
"The Course was a stepping stone for me. Some after I finished I was promoted to Chief Clerk. Later the Course was introduced in helping me gain the top executive position. 87% failed. Also added me to passing a number of Civil Service examinations." ALBERT F. KENNEDY, 3038 Midway Park, Chicago, Ill.

LOOPS "PEERING OF INFIRMITY"
"The Course has removed my feeling of inferiority. I now feel self-assured and do not hesitate to enter into conversation with any one. My circle of friends has widened. Before starting, Cody helped me I was always stammering. Now I am always smiling. 'What is the nearest way to say it?' But now I have no hesitation in speaking of my friends. For I have been through a new, fun-filled way, how to speak gracefully; how to speak with power; and how to express my thoughts fluently." C. J. WOODRUFF, 1830 W. Maple Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

HELPFUL IN BUSINESS
"I have found your Course very beneficial. For anyone in business who has not had the opportunity to receive the necessary education in English is certainly going to find a very valuable help." "When I mentioned to my manager that I was taking this course, he immediately looked to me as one upon whom he could depend. He has since given me the position of Chief Clerk." MARTHA BERRY, 2408 Federal Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio.

"HELPS WONDERFULLY IN MY POSITION"
"I am more than pleased with the Course and know that it has helped me wonderfully in my position." FREDERICK SMITH, Oswego, Pa.

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"I made a good investment when I enrolled. Your method Course has increased my power of expression. Some had become so fixed that it was with difficulty they were corrected. A realization of the great amount of good derived from this course, without any expense, is a revelation. I am now a more successful person, prompt me to recommend it to any one seeking freedom from the shackles of imperfect English."

"THE TALKING AND WRITING"
"The feeling one derives from the assurance he is speaking grammatically cannot be compared with the feeling one derives from the Course, a change within the mind of everyone who wishes to improve his education." JOSEPH W. DACH, 1201 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

FROM A MINISTER
"Before taking this Course I suffered from self-consciousness and lack of confidence in my ability to use words correctly. That feeling has been banished and I am able to express my thoughts more effectively and accurately. The Course has helped me to make good use of my time in the pulpit." REV. FREDERICK SMITH, Oswego, Pa.

I looked up sharply. Leering down upon us from beneath the black sombrero was the familiar, fat, sallow-faced man whom we had met on the train from London.

"I believe in being cheerful," growled Sam Oppermann, with a hoarse throat suggesting he had sampled freely the local whiskey. "And so long as our mutual friend, Martin Benson, is still alive, well, the alibi don't matter."

Jonathan Jow nodded and settled himself with a cheroot. "That's the spirit," he agreed, "Martin Benson was equally cheerful this morning at breakfast."

"Was he now?" scowled the sallow-faced man.

"Thoroughly pleased," went on Jonathan Jow placidly, "just like a man who had found something."

"Found something?" There was a dangerous gleam in the dark eyes of the man before us. "Maybe it's the monster he's found."

He smirked uneasily.

"I don't think so," reflected Jonathan Jow, as though carefully considering the point. "For, you see, Martin Benson doesn't believe in the monster."

"No more do I," growled Sam Oppermann, pulling the black sombrero farther over his face.

"But there's something in the loch," hazarded Jonathan Jow. "Yes, there's something," leered the other.

"And I wouldn't be surprised if tonight the real hunt begins."

Sam Oppermann stared at that figure in the snuff-colored suit, hiding his mahogany features behind a blue cloud of cheroot smoke.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I said I wouldn't be surprised."

"Then I guess I will worry about that alibi," Oppermann said, and he turned away.

Jonathan Jow chuckled to himself.

"We're setting the stage, my boy."

I slanted an inquiring look at him.

"Do you really think they'll dive for the treasure tonight?" I asked.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he remarked.

With the affability of a man on a holiday with plenty of time to waste, he accompanied me to the hotel where I had decided to write a telegraphic story to the Daily Courier.

I sat myself at a table and was soon immersed in work. As I wrote, the humiliation of the morning disappeared. It was certainly going to be a first-class sensation. Naturally, I was taking a big chance in writing on the evidence which Jonathan Jow had supplied. But my many adventures with the lanky figure with the leonine white hair had given me confidence that his jungle intuition was invariably correct.

As I wrote, Jonathan Jow

was engaged in affable conversation with the manager of the hotel.

A boy entered the hotel and handed a telegram to the manager.

"Tch . . . tch!" the manager muttered. "Reserve me room tonight—urgent." And I cannot make out the signature. Maybe you can read the name, professor?"

Jonathan Jow took the telegram. His eyes narrowed. Then he smiled.

"You ought to know the name," he remarked to the manager. "It's Norway."

"Not David Norway, the old laird?" asked the manager.

Jonathan Jow nodded.

"But they said he was drowned in Loch Lare."

"So they said," remarked Jonathan Jow, "but his body was never found. David Norway has wandered too much about the world to lose himself in a rain-storm in the Highlands. No, it's the old laird, all right."

Jonathan Jow glanced across to me, noticed that I had heard the conversation following upon the mention of the name of the old scientist, and nodded.

I took a telegram form and scrawled an urgent message to my news editor:

"SUGGEST YOU MAKE INQUIRIES REGARDING DAVID NORWAY, SCIENTIST, NOW JOURNEYING TO LOCH LARE—URGENT HAYTON."

"That'll settle Jill Johnson," I remarked grimly.

AFTER DINNER at Lare castle that evening Martin Benson said he had to cross the loch and go to the village on business, taking Finch with him.

After he had gone, Jill Johnson said, "Good night, both of you—and good hunting."

And, with a final perky smile, she left the room.

"You know, that girl worries me," I remarked.

"I don't wonder," smiled Jonathan Jow. "She's unusually bright."

"Do you think she meant anything by that final remark—'good hunting'?"

Jonathan Jow shook his head.

"She's one of those remarkable young women who don't mean a word they say," he decided.

Within the next half hour we slipped out of the castle and down to the water's edge. I felt tense and excited as Jonathan Jow led me towards a tangle of shrubs where he had hidden a small boat. Tonight, I felt, the mystery of Loch Lare was to be revealed. Instead of a monster we were to glimpse a gang of clever criminals at work in the heart of the Scottish Highlands. I had that exultation which came whenever I was launched upon a big story.

Continued On Page 10

TOWN QUIZ: Answers

- 1—Tin.
- 2—Abattoir.
- 3—Mr. Micawber.
- 4—Ocarina.
- 5—Dempsey.
- 6—Hollywood, Duluth, Cleveland, Buffalo.
- 7—Publishing—format; radio—sponsor; medicine—sedative; politics—flibuster.
- 8—(a) berth; (b) coarse; (c) defendant.
- 9—(a) correct; (b) incorrect, it should read—There are three answers to that question; (c) incorrect, it should read—She is one of those girls who talk too much.
- 10—(a) little boys; (b) Jack and Jill; (c) Simple Simon.
- 11—Chicago.
- 12—New Mexico and Arizona.
- 13—Pottery.
- 14—Samuel Pepys.
- 15—Leonardo da Vinci.
- 16—Shakespeare.
- 17—Helen Hayes.
- 18—Jonah.
- 19—Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson; Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean; Robinson Crusoe and Friday; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
- 20—Central America.

'STATIC'

by

LAWRENCE WITTE

NO RESTING on laurels for Nat Shilkret!

Starting as a twelve-year-old clarinetist with Victor Herbert's orchestra, he later became, successively, music arranger for a record firm, then musical director of the company. He played piano and clarinet with symphony orchestras; composed many hit songs; made 30,000 recordings; accompanied virtually every great singer of the last twenty years; wrote, scored, and conducted for movies and broadcasts more than 3,000 concerts.

Now conductor of the "Relaxation Time" orchestra, Shilkret has a new ambition—to have three programs of superb quality: one symphonic; one "Great American Hour" of music, drama and comedy; and one fine dance session.

CREDIT the Jack Haley show with a new departure in the way of radio programs.

For the opening show of their new series, funsters Jack Haley and Lucille Ball, aided and abetted by Virginia Verrill and Ted Fio Rito, stepped before the microphone without so much as a radio script in sight, and ad libbed their entire comedy skit.

Dazed but still undaunted, Jack and company are speculating on the advisability of including the novelty spot as a regular feature of the program.

THE AUTHOR and one member of the cast of "Howie Wing—the Adventures of a Young Aviator," radio's new aviation serial heard over CBS, are full-fledged pilots, and another actor is just beginning to take flying lessons. Only the heroine of the thriller has never been "up."

Captain Bill Moore, the author, was a member of the Canadian



NEW APPROACH

The autograph hunters have found a new approach. That is, the feminine ones have. Heretofore, fans approached celebrities with everything from sweat shirts to bits of paper. The latest is the vanity case or compact. The popular band leader, Kay Kyser, is shown favoring Nan Wynn, CBS vocal star, with his signature.

Royal Flying Corps during the war and later flew the air mail when flying the air mail was a very dangerous vocation.

William Janney, the Howie Wing of the serial, used to live next to the airport at Burbank, California, and he decided to take a course in flying; but that was interrupted by the trip east to do radio work. Now he's going to begin the lessons in New York.

Floyd Buckley, the Happy Vic Appleby in the series, has had his flying license for years, and Neill O'Malley, who plays Captain Harvey, was in training for the air force when the World War stopped.

The only member of the cast who hasn't flown is Mary Parker, and she is just waiting for the opportunity.

"THE PLAQUE'S the thing," says Paul Whiteman these days. In order to acknowledge the enthusiastic and cordial receptions he and his boys have received in their recent swing around the country, Paul has had special silver plaques made up which he bestows upon his well-wishers.

The plaque is in the form of an open book, with one page engraved with the legend: "In grateful appreciation to _____ for their numerous kindnesses and charming hospitality." Immediately below it is etched the famous moon-face caricature of the King of Jazz. On the opposite page appears Whiteman's signature with the names of all the members of the band.

IN RADIO, where every performance is a "first night," there is no such problem as that facing the actor on the stage, according to Alice Frost, a noted performer in both media.

"On the stage," Alice recalls, "many of the actors I've appeared with had played the same parts so often that they played tricks on the stage just to keep from getting bored. I played one whole season in stock with an actor who would talk out of the side of his mouth so that the audience couldn't hear—but I could. He also relieved the monotony by wiggling one ear, the one not facing the audience. This sort of clowning is, of course, hard on the others in the cast, who must battle hard to overlook these distractions. In radio, however, each script is done only once, so that restless actors don't get a chance to grow stale in their roles and resort to such clowning."

SHORT NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

WHEN BILL PERRY, young singer on the "Saturday Night Serenade" program, sings excerpts from "William Tell," "Jewels of the Madonna" and other notable operatic works, he uses his father's manuscripts. His father, William Perry, was an outstanding American opera singer more than thirty years ago and bequeathed all of his music to his son, whom he expected to follow in his footsteps. Although old and tattered, the manuscripts are still usable.

A SPECIALLY built microphone with an electric filter and an intricate sounding board are necessary for the Shadow's eerie laugh, which has become one of the trade-marks of radio. Bill Johnstone, who has replaced Orson Welles as the Shadow, speaks his lines in an ordinary microphone. But when he has to chuckle as the Shadow, he steps toward this special microphone. The Shadow is heard every Sunday afternoon over the Mutual network.

ADELE RONSON is known as one of the leading dramatic actresses on the air today, but . . . she had to dance her way to speaking roles. She was a dancer in the Greek ballet in "Orpheus" at the Provincetown Theatre, a job she secured after university courses in New York, before she finally gained a part as a regular actress. During her dancing career she met Crosby Gaige, well-known producer. She pleaded with him to give her a chance to show what she could do with lines. Adele, after much persuasion, got him to give her a chance to show what she could do with lines.

There's been no stopping her since.

THERE'S STILL gratitude left in this old world of ours.

Last week John J. Anthony, mentor of the original "Good Will Hour," received a check from a boy who had gotten a job through the "Good Will" program. The money represented 10 per cent of his first week's salary, and he sent it to Anthony with the suggestion that everybody who gets a job through the original "Good Will Hour" contribute a like percentage of his first week's pay to a Good Will Unemployment Fund. Purpose of the fund is to help find jobs for unemployed.



• We don't say you'll feel like giving a song recital, BUT — if constipation's taken the joy out of life—try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. What a difference it makes! And it's so easy to take. You simply chew it to get all its famous benefits. No wonder folks exclaim: "FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" Try it yourself—today.

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!



MAIL YOUR FRIENDS FREE

Complete set amazing mind reading cards sent you FREE with big 200 page illustrated book describing hundreds of magic tricks used by professionals. Supply limited. Send only one dime to help pay postage and handling costs—write today. OAKS MAGICAL, BOX 172 TW Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Old Line Legal Reserve Life Insurance

ONLY 77 PER MONTH
PER \$1000 OF INSURANCE
(at Age 21)*

Now at Postal's Low Rates You Can Own All the Life Insurance You Need!
HERE ARE LOW RATES AT YOUR AGE

Monthly Premium, less the 9 1/2% Guaranteed Dividend (at the nearest birthday), per \$1,000			
Age	21	30	40
21	\$.77	.97	1.29
22	.79	1.00	1.35
23	.81	1.03	1.39
24	.83	1.06	1.45
25	.85	1.09	1.51
26	.87	1.13	1.57
27	.90	1.16	1.64
28	.92	1.21	1.70
29	.95	1.25	1.79
Age	45	50	55
45	1.87	1.95	2.04
46	1.95	2.04	2.15
47	2.04	2.15	2.27
48	2.15	2.27	2.39
49	2.27	2.39	2.53
50	2.39	2.53	2.66

* Owing to low rates at which this policy is offered, the minimum amounts issued are: ages 21-40, \$2,000; ages 41-50, \$1,500; ages 51-55, \$1,000. Rates shown are one-half permanent rates beginning fifth year.

POSTAL'S FAMOUS "MODIFIED '4'" POLICY

Cash and loan values; guaranteed 9 1/2% dividends; automatic premium payment clause and all standard provisions.

Send coupon for full details.

POSTAL LIFE OF NEW YORK

has paid out more than

\$47,000,000.00

to its policyholders and beneficiaries during thirty-three successful years.

If this policy does not fit your needs, Postal issues other standard forms, ages 10 to 60.

Postal Life Insurance Company, 511 Fifth Ave., Dept. M-450, New York, N. Y.

Send me without obligation complete information about your low cost modified "4" policy, at my age.

Date of Birth _____

Occupation _____

Name _____

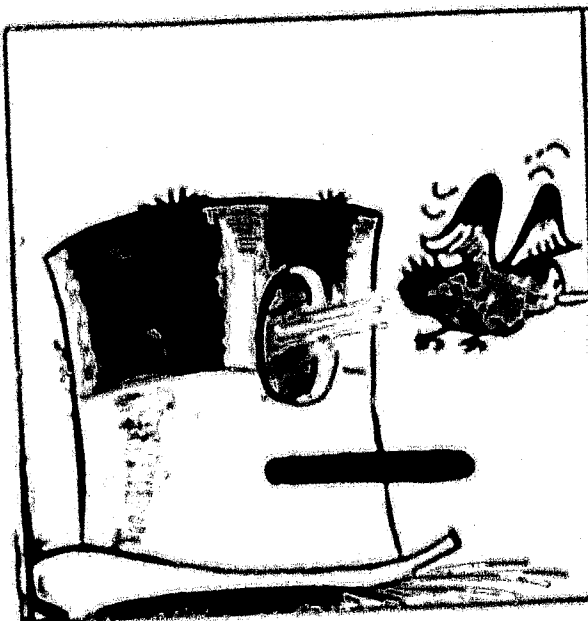
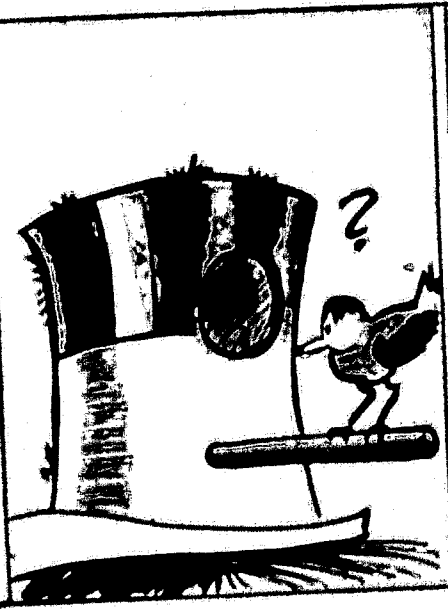
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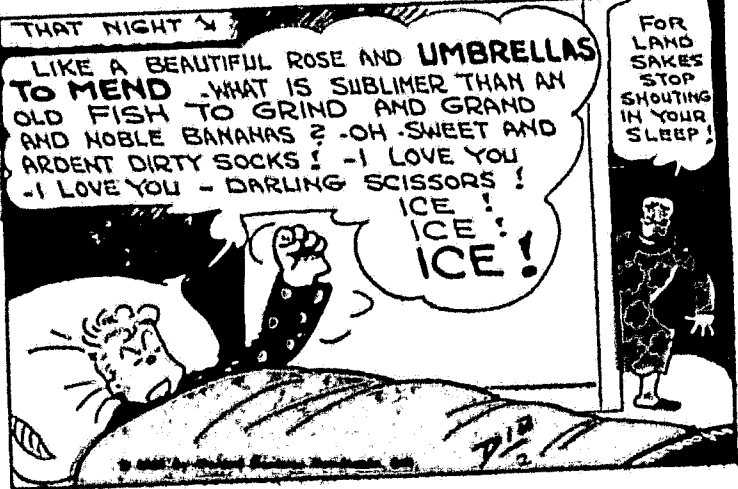
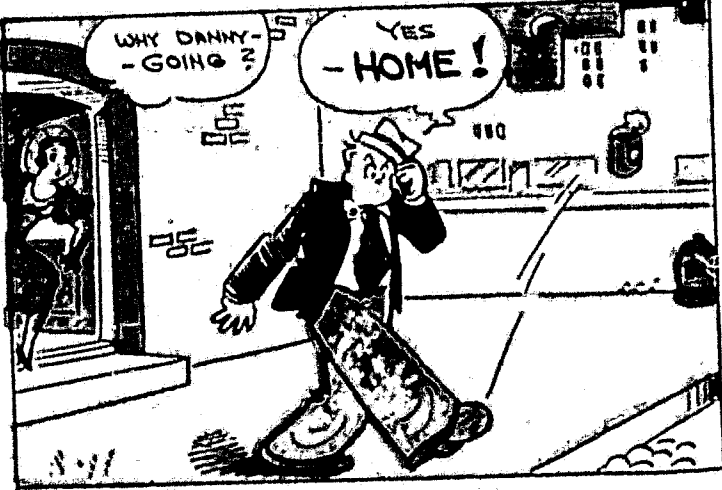
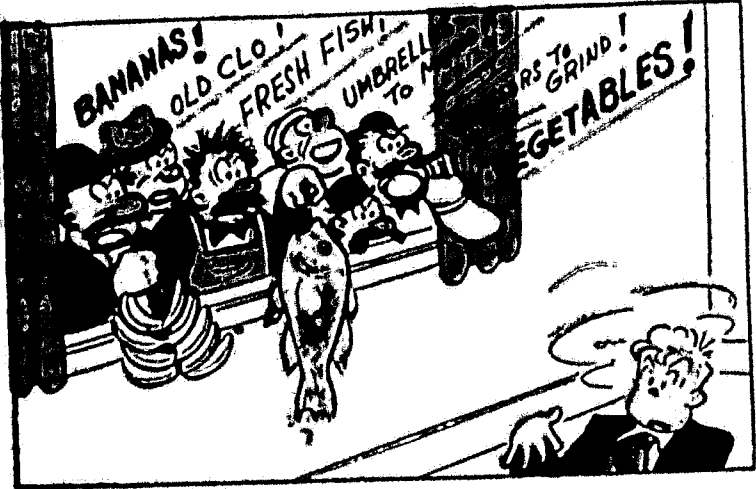
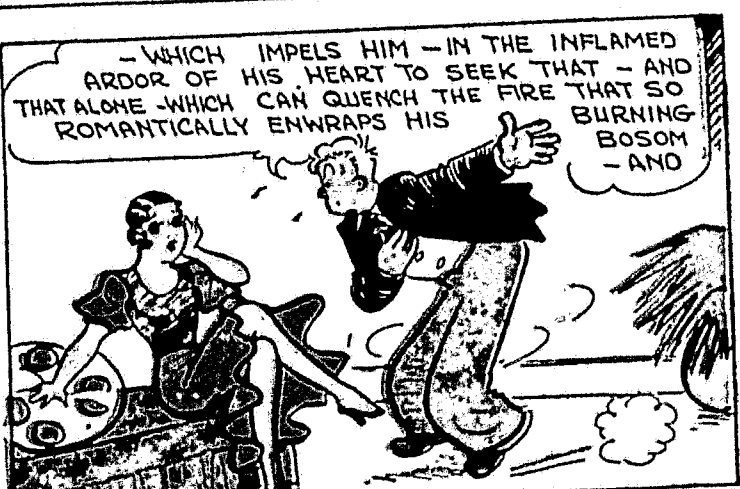
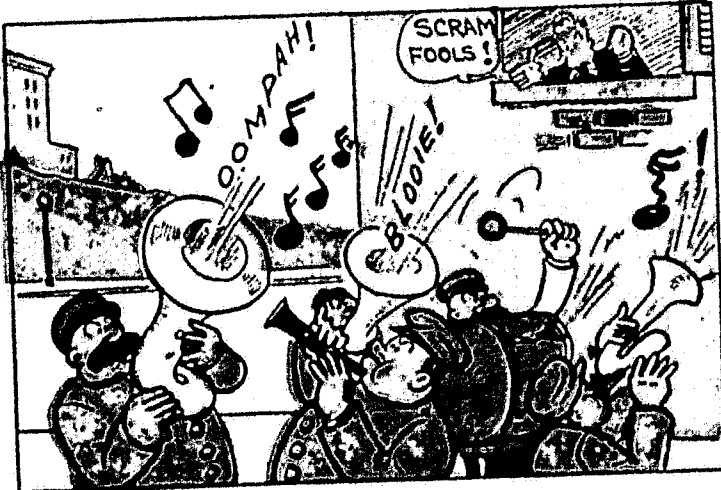
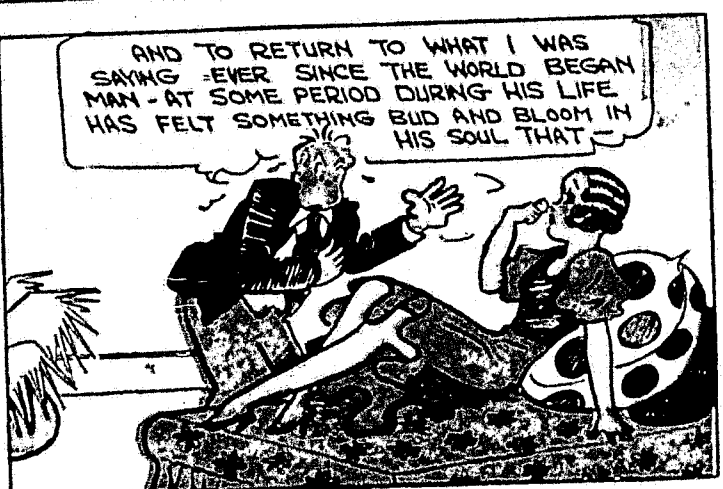
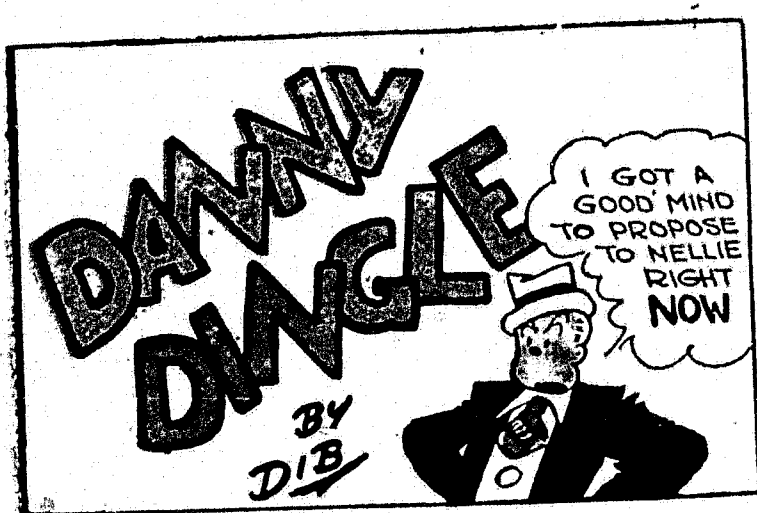
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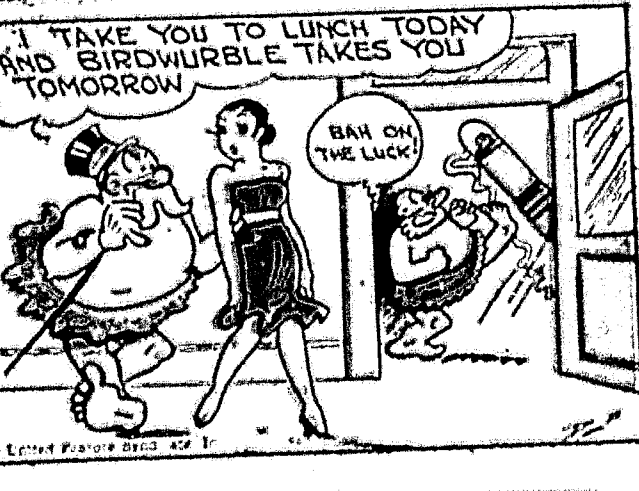
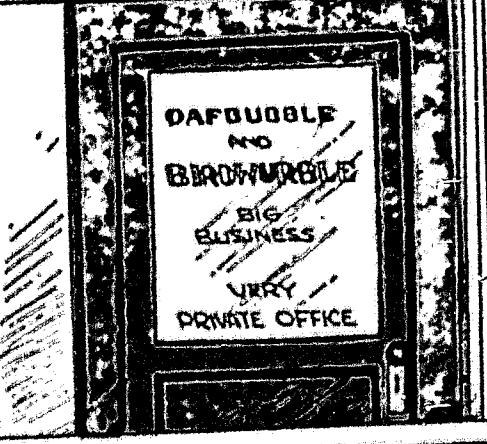
GRATEFUL TO MR. VALLEE

Janet Logan was a member of a small showboat company in Chicago when Rudy Vallee invited her to do a guest turn on his Variety Hour. That was five years ago. Today Janet is an established radio actress starring currently in NBC's "A Tale of Today." Mr. Vallee, incidentally, just completed his tenth year on the air for the same sponsor.





DUB DABS



NEXT

IN OLD-TIME MAN-OWARD'S LUCKET

is ready to start City Day of America's history. It's a new and exciting way to see the city.

TOWN-CRAFTSMAN'S CORNER

By Harold T. Bodkin

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH by W. J. Makin

Continued From Page 6

We slid away from the shore and I rowed quietly. Presently I felt the steel-like grip of Jonathan Jow's hand on mine.

"Ship your oars!" he whispered. "Here comes another boat."

WE waited, tense shadows in our little boat. Then the first shaft of moonlight slid across the water. And as it did so, the lone rower in the moving boat crossed its path. I caught a quick glimpse of a completely bald head. A second later he had passed into the darkness again.

"David Norway!" muttered Jonathan Jow, a strange gleam in his eyes. "The old scientist has lost no time."

It was at that moment that the awful possibility of there

being a real monster in the loch suddenly clanged through my mind. Why should this mad scientist with a Frankenstein vision of breeding monsters to overcome the world of men enter upon the scene? So far I had treated the suggestion of a monster with contempt. Jonathan Jow had convinced me that a gang of criminals were merely using a legend to cover their own dark deeds. But supposing there was a real monster?

The thought paralyzed me. I stopped rowing. Fearfully I gazed at the black waters. A swirl out of those awful depths and we should be completely at the mercy of the beast.

"What's the matter?" asked Jonathan Jow quietly.

"Suppose there is a monster after all," I said.

He made no reply. He leaned forward and made a brief gesture for me to change seats. As I moved to the stern of the little boat, I realized with a chilling of my spine that I had merely spoken aloud the thought that had always been present in the mind of Jonathan Jow.

There was a monster in the loch!

Jonathan Jow rowed quietly towards that beetling mass of cliffs in which he had shown much curiosity ever since we came to Loch Lare. We made a wide circle and, in a few minutes, our boat bumped gently against the sandstone cliffs. They seemed to descend sheer into the black waters. There was no possible landing place.

As we bumped gently against the cliff and I put out a hand

against the slimy wall, Jonathan Jow pointed. Moonlight was silvering the surface of the water, but within the shadow of the cliffs we were safe from being seen.

But it was possible to glimpse something that looked like a raft floating on the surface and two figures standing on it. A motor-launch was tied to the raft. One of the figures on the raft was Martin Benson. The other was Finch. They were taking turns at a wheel on the floating platform.

"They've got a diver down below," whispered Jonathan Jow. "They're working the air-pump. Old-fashioned, but useful enough."

"But the diver below," I questioned, "how can he see?"

"Electric torch!" was the reply.

ONCE AGAIN the creak of rowlocks was heard. I shifted

my gaze. So did the two figures on the floating platform. I expected to see the bald-headed scientist again. Instead, there slid on to the scene a long, low craft with three men in it. And a crouching figure in the bows lifted his voice so that the words were carried clearly over the water.

"Put up your hands, Mr. Martin Benson!"

I recognized the voice at once. Sam Oppermann. I could almost see the sneer on that sallow face as he continued suavely:

"A long-deferred meeting, Mr. Benson. But you didn't think you could get away with that loot and murder as well, did you?"

"Look here, Sam—" began Benson.

"Keep your hands up," warned Oppermann.

Continued On Page 12

THE STAR WITNESS by H. H. Kroll

Continued From Page 3

tinued, "And Judge Jesse's decision forty years ago, in School Board versus Sally Williams, that a teacher could not be dismissed from her position simply because she went to a square dance with her promised husband, is one of only five decisions to become incorporated in the state's jurisprudence."

THIS FLOW of pulchritudinal rhetoric made Gid's jaw hang lax. Nanette concluded, "When Mr. Hicks got that wagon of logs out of the creek and sold them, he carried \$10 worth of groceries and meat and hams to the Widow Buskirk and her three children who live on your place, Mr. Huckleby, and you've been threatening to have them thrown out by the sheriff because they didn't pay their rent, and—"

Gid leaped to his feet, face red as a fried tomato. "It ain't no—"

Judge Jesse jumped up and gave his decision. "It ain't the opinion of this here court that the star witness is a durn liar and the truth ain't in him, and he never seen nothing, and even if he had it wasn't none of his

tarnation nose business—" "Throw him out!" Hank Hicks yelled. Hank jumped up and made toward Gid. Gid started to whine, "You lay off me, Hank Hicks—" But forty years of logging hadn't made Hicks' muscles puny. Hank grabbed a leg and threw Gid down. "Snatch the other shank, Je'miah—" he panted.

The school board toted Gid to the door, counted one-two-three, and Gid rose, did a bucking but graceful arc, and hit the ground fifteen feet outside like a sack of frozen turnips falling off a barn roof. He lay there a moment moaning in outrage, swearing he would law them, shoot them all on sight. After a while he collected his bruised but otherwise undamaged tongue, and, with a last wild look at the lighted door of the schoolhouse, moved off in the darkness.

JESSE LEVERAGE went home to reread his famous decision in School Board versus Sally Williams; Je'miah Bean dragged out the two bags of commercial fertilizer that same night and put the truck on his beans, and

a warm mild rain in the night soaked the stuff in nicely; Hank Hicks, a widower, sat up a good while deciding that he had as well go ask Miss Buskirk to marry him.

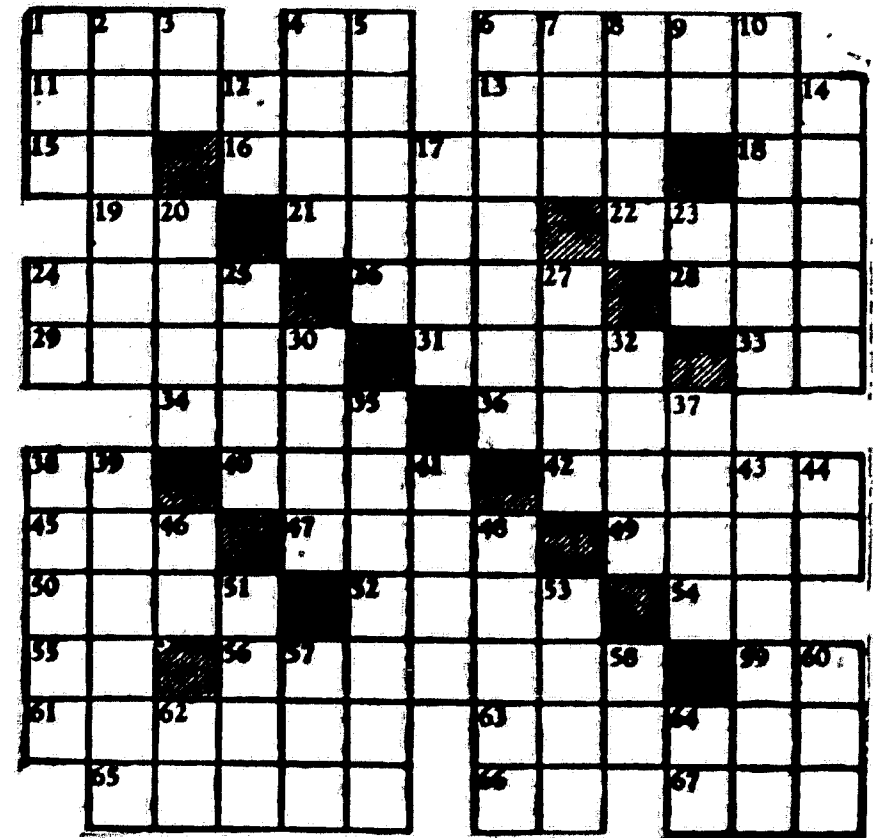
But it was the first big broadcast that Joey made which jelled the whole matter. The boy was a wizard on the air. Je'miah sat before the radio, listening with a transfixed look. When it was known that Joey had signed a fat contract with the farm machinery people, Je'miah's pride knew no bounds. "I'll give the biggest square dance ever was known in these parts in honor of my son Joey and Miss Nanette's engagement, and by durns, I'll fiddle at the dance myself!" he vowed.

The night of the dance the cabin was packed. Even Gid Huckleby, unable to treasure a grudge where excitement was going on, was among the guests. Je'miah took down his fiddle, strung and tuned it, leaned back, closed his eyes, and played as he had never fiddled in all his time, while the dance swept past him, around him in a weave of the years. Sally, his faithless wife, was forgotten. After all, another young woman had come into Je'miah's life. When you are old, he wondered, why must you grudge love and kisses to the young? He opened his eyes, and Joey and Nanette swung past him on the promenade. Je'miah could stand it no longer. He put his fiddle in Hank Hicks' hands.

"Bub, you fiddle! Me, I aims to tear something loose!" He cut in, shoving Joey aside, and took Nanette. Shangling like a loose clapboard in a gale, Je'miah lifted the light, graceful girl fairly off the floor on the swings. When the set ended with a bang he pulled Nanette to the middle of the room and gave her a loud bus. He said fervently, wiping his mouth:

"Cripes, I don't blame Joey! I'm star witness to the fact that his taste in wimmen is shore dependable and me'arn. Did I tell ye, honey, that the school board elected ye to teach next year, and I'm giving Joey the old Bean place in the forks of Bold Creek and building a new house for you to spend your honeymoon; and you can collect Gid's note, with interest, to furnish the place? As for me," he omitted a dry cackle, "I aims to go ahead raising prize pole beans for the little Beans!"

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



SOLUTION NEXT WEEK

HORIZONTAL

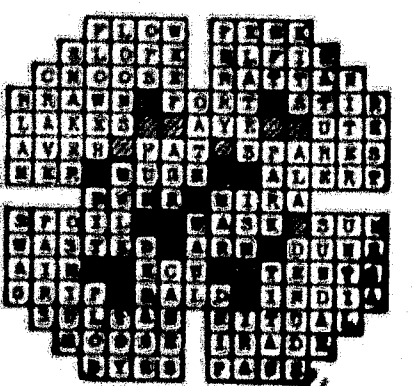
- 1—Greek letter
- 4—Type measure
- 6—Specks
- 11—Judge
- 13—Lasso
- 15—French article
- 16—Easily broken
- 18—French for "the"
- 19—Negative
- 21—To cease
- 22—To fly
- 24—Betting quotations
- 26—Clan
- 28—Aeriform fluid
- 29—Deceptive move
- 31—Servant
- 33—Pronoun
- 34—Authoritative standard
- 36—Spanish for "rivers"
- 38—Plural suffix
- 40—Security for prisoner's appearance
- 42—Expression of principle
- 45—Offspring
- 47—Support
- 49—Settlement
- 50—Loyal
- 52—To wander
- 54—Jumbled type
- 55—Conjunction
- 56—Congested
- 59—Negative
- 61—Bustle
- 63—One who boasts
- 65—Forest
- 66—Pronoun
- 67—Compass point

VERTICAL

- 1—Basis
- 2—A reparation
- 3—Above
- 4—Blenders
- 5—Foods
- 6—Cinderella lost it

- 7—Chum
- 8—Minerals
- 9—Musical note (var.)
- 10—Oriental greeting
- 12—Whether
- 14—Brief
- 17—Departs
- 20—Norse god
- 23—King of Bashan
- 24—Belonging to
- 25—One of affected superiority
- 27—Neat
- 30—To snare
- 32—Measure of length
- 35—Looking-glasses
- 37—To cease
- 38—To stop legally
- 39—Grief
- 41—Plunder
- 43—Winds around
- 44—Concerning
- 46—Greek letter
- 48—To repair
- 51—To resound
- 53—Simple
- 57—Conducted
- 58—To act
- 60—Basic metallic compound
- 62—Toward
- 64—Pronoun

SOLUTION TO
LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



PETER AND SUE

Continued From Page 4

"A set of musical toys," said Mrs. Stewart as she picked up the one-man band and began to play on it.

"Why," Susan cried, "Albert would like that, wouldn't he? Or maybe it would be better for Tom."

"It's a bit young for them, Susan, but it surely will find a place under many a Christmas tree this year. It's nice for a family in which there are several children. Here is something Albert would like. A wood burning set. It works by electricity and burns the pictures in colors."

"He'd like that too, Momie," Susan rang a bell, beat upon some radio chimes and picked up a whistle.

"For goodness sake!" Mrs. Stewart exclaimed. "What in the world have you found there?"

A saleswoman stepped up smiling. "Our radio sound effects box. It's a wonderful gift for boys. With it they can make all the sounds that are heard over radio networks."

"They can?" Mrs. Stewart

bent over and read: "Galloping horses; thunder-lightning crash; wind, rain, hail, sleet, trails, radio chimes, whistles; sirens; creaking doors; fire and G-men." A boy can imitate all those different sounds?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, and each sound has been tested and approved by one of the coast-to-coast networks. There's a booklet in there that tells you all about it."

"And here's a very fine item. It's a rotary printing press. For boys or for girls in school this press is perfectly splendid. Whole newspapers can be printed on it, you see."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stewart. "That would be splendid for children older than mine. I am sure it will be a popular gift for Christmas."

"But we are not buying anything today. We are looking around to see what we should ask Santa Claus to bring. I think it is wise to make selections early."

"That's right," the saleswoman agreed. "It helps a great deal to know ahead of time what's new in the toy world."

ALTHOUGH together production the first pi setting in and Jeanne co-starred. first time peared tog nicolor film

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NEW EDDY-M'DONALD COLOR FILM VEERS FROM USUAL THEME

ALTHOUGH they have appeared together in five different productions, "Sweethearts" is the first picture with a modern setting in which Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald have co-starred. It also marks the first time that they have appeared together in an all-Technicolor film.

Too, the picture marks a departure from the usual Nelson Eddy - Jeanette MacDonald theme in that it strives for greater appeal through the medium of comedy—an unheard-of theme for this romantic, singing pair.

At least one of the laughs in the picture was, however, not in the original script. It all came about like this: Lucille Watson, New York stage actress making her film debut as Jeanette MacDonald's mother, committed what she considered a horrible faux pas, and Director Van Dyke left it in the film as one of the comedy highlights.

Miss Watson was appearing in a sequence in which a group standing around a piano, singing, goes into a burlesque of the Floradora Sextette's dance step. Trying a high kick, Miss Watson caught her slipper in the hem of her evening dress and pulled off the heel. Furious, she kicked again in an effort to free the shoe and succeeded only in ripping a long tear in her evening dress. Almost in tears, she nevertheless went ahead with the scene, but the minute it was over she rushed to Van Dyke with profuse apologies for her clumsiness.

"What are you worrying about?" demanded the director. "That'll be one of the funniest shots in the film."

Another humorous incident in the filming of the picture, which, however, almost ruined a musical scene, arose out of Herman Bing's superstition. Bing, who appears as the orchestra leader in "Sweethearts," cuts a notch in his baton every time a member of the cast completes his role in the film. Bing believes these notches prolong his own life in the film. He had cut notches for Fay Holden, Florence Rice, Mischa Auer, Olin Howland,

Terry Gardiner and others who had finished their work in the film, although he still remained. In the midst of conducting a number while filming was going on, the baton snapped where a notch had been cut too deep, and flew back toward the cameras and Kliegs while Bing bit his lips and went on waving the stub.

Forgetting the comedy and remembering that it is the singing that is the biggest drawing card of any Eddy-MacDonald film, the producers have generously sprinkled the movie with a number of Victor Herbert numbers that are already clicking in a big way with the public. "Pretty as a Picture," which is Eddy's favorite, promises to become a phenomenal hit.

AMONG THE hit tunes of the coming year, Nelson Eddy predicts, will be melodies which were smash successes two generations ago and which will emerge as entirely new compositions, thanks to modern orchestration.

"It's surprising what a brass choir and a few saxophones can do to put new life in an old tune," remarked Eddy, who, through his film work, concert tours and radio broadcasts, has been responsible for reviving many a favorite melody of years gone by.

After every concert he makes a point of singing, as encore requests, numbers from his films. During the past year, the three most in demand have been "Will You Remember?" from "Maytime," "In the Still of the Night" from "Rosalie" and "Who Are We to Say?" from "The Girl of the Golden West." The previous year, the most popular song in his repertoire was "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" from "Naughty Marietta," which is still included on his concert list.

Yet before Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald appeared together in such pictures as "Naughty Marietta" and "Maytime," the Sigmund Romberg number, "Will You Remember?" and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," though remembered through the years, could never have qualified on a weekly "hit parade" broadcast.



SHOW WITHIN A SHOW

Here is a scene from a stage play within the picture, "Sweethearts." Jeanette MacDonald sings as the chorus gathers 'round. "Sweethearts" is the latest Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film, and is entirely in Technicolor. It is the first picture with a modern setting in which the famous singing pair have appeared.

'STAR GAZING' with Urie Megahan

NO MATTER what kind of scenery a motion picture producer may need for a production, he need not travel more than 250 miles from Hollywood for an ideal location spot!

An amazing statement, but studio location experts have proof that there is not a single type of scenery in the world that cannot be duplicated within a radius around the film capital. Every inch of the territory has been scouted and surveyed by automobile and airplane. And in the location files of each major studio may be found neatly indexed cards containing data on every landmark in that area.

It is a revelation to flick through these files. It is possible to find a photograph and accompanying description of everything from courthouses to graveyards, golf courses to railroad stations—mountains, valleys, streams, deserts, ditches, trees, swimming pools, farms, reefs—literally everything. All are catalogued.

Although one of the hardest things to find is a country road minus telegraph and telephone wires, there are even a few of these on tap, too.

Lake Arrowhead in the nearby San Bernardino range has always been a favorite movie locale. Paramount built a whole Arkansas village there for "Tom Sawyer, Detective." For scenes in "Spawn of the North," the lake became Alaskan for a while. When Ginger Rogers was "Having Wonderful Time" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., the spot abruptly

became one in the Adirondacks.

Another popular location is at the base of Mount Whitney. When cameras were pointed at the mountains there, they became the Khyber Pass for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Gunga Din." Then when cameramen turn their cameras around toward the Mojave Desert, the place is a dead ringer for Arabia.

Of course, these location sites have to be rented, and the natives have become shrewd about bargaining. Yet there is no limit to what can be rented in this movie-conscious vicinity.

Why, William Wellman even managed to get the exclusive use of an airport for weeks while he was making "Men with Wings."

WHEN FILM fans see the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor special, "Kentucky," they will see billed as stars such names as Loretta Young, Richard Greene, Walter Brennan and Ralph Morgan. But, playing important roles in the same flicker although not mentioned on the screen, will be seven other stars, known to millions.

These non-billed players bear the names of Equipoise, Gallant Fox, Omaha, Blenheim, Hard Tack, Sickle, and Chance Shot. And if you've ever watched the ponies, you'll recognize these names as famous in turf history.

The noted equine stars were used in the scenes filmed on location in Kentucky, the state famous for its track champions.

Director David Butler was able to use them through the co-operation of stable owners.

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EATING SCENES BRING PROTESTS FROM FILM ACTORS

HOLLYWOOD actors dislike eating scenes—for several reasons. In the first place, movies aren't made by rehearsing a situation a couple of times and then clinching it in a single take. They are remade through dozens of takes.

In the second place, the camera is always intimate. On the stage it is possible to do a good deal of faking. But when an actor is presented at table on the screen he can't just go through the motions. He has to put away food. And to make matters worse, sometimes he hangs up an endurance record only to have it wasted. For instance, 20 pies were ordered for the scene in "Spawn of the North," in which George Raft sits down to the dish of apple pie. George ate pie through an entire morning. He ate until his eyes bulged. When the cutter got through slicing pieces out of the film, all that remained of

the pie marathon was a fleeting impression of George taking one bite.

All things considered, it is no wonder we find Shirley Ross and Bob Hope gazing with jaundiced eyes at plates of scrambled eggs at a table for two, Paramount's Stage 7. It is 4 o'clock in the afternoon and they're doing a breakfast scene for "Thanks for the Memory." They've been doing it for some time.

"Now I think we have it," beams Director George Archainbaud after Shirley and Bob have nibbled eggs and said bright things to each other for the tenth consecutive time. "Save them, boys," he nods to the electricians, who promptly douse the arcs.

"Well, then," moans Bob, "if you want to save us for the rest of the picture, for Pete's sake take this hen fruit out of our sight."

"Dittol!" says Shirley.

SMALL CABINET PLEASES GIRL

by HAROLD T. BODKIN

I DON'T want to be an old meany and remind you that Christmas is nearly upon us. But if you're going to make gifts, you'll have to start them right away.

However, I can help you out with your construction program by suggesting the sturdy miniature handy kitchen cabinet as a gift for little sister (see picture A). Three or four evenings in your shop will see it completed; it's just that easy to construct.

Except for the panel at the back, the whole job is made of half-inch thick white pine or poplar. To help you lay out the proper curves of the end pieces and to be sure that all other proportions are right, full mechanical details are drawn on Handicraft Plan No. 102.

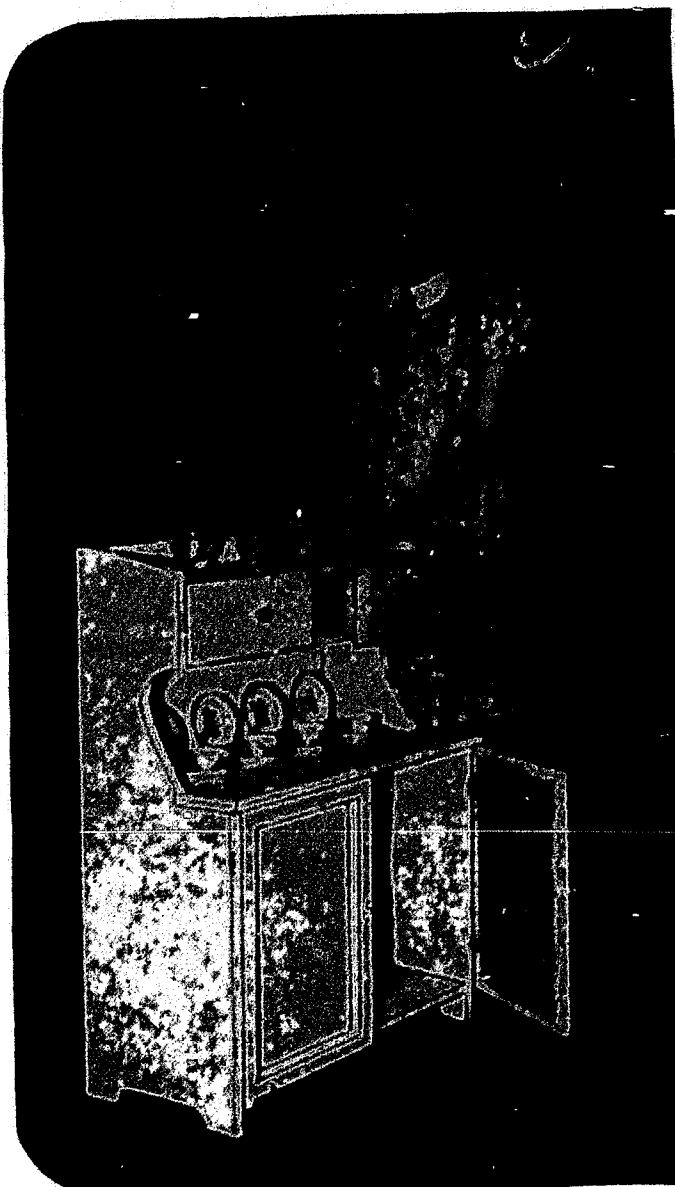
The most important parts of the cabinet are the two end pieces. These are made first. Pencil the outline on one piece of the stock, lightly nail a second piece underneath and saw both at once.

Following this, chisel out the three mortises in each—see plan—to receive the top shelf, drawer shelf and the table top. As you will note, the bottom of the cabinet rests upon simple cleats. Now, with a rasp and sandpaper, smooth up the end pieces all around.

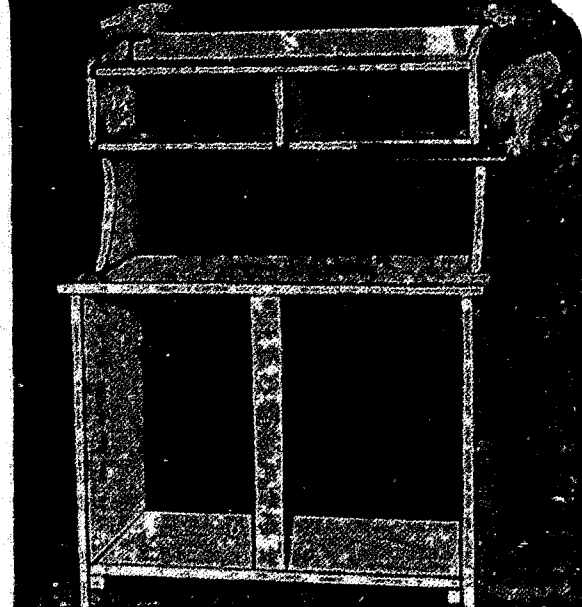
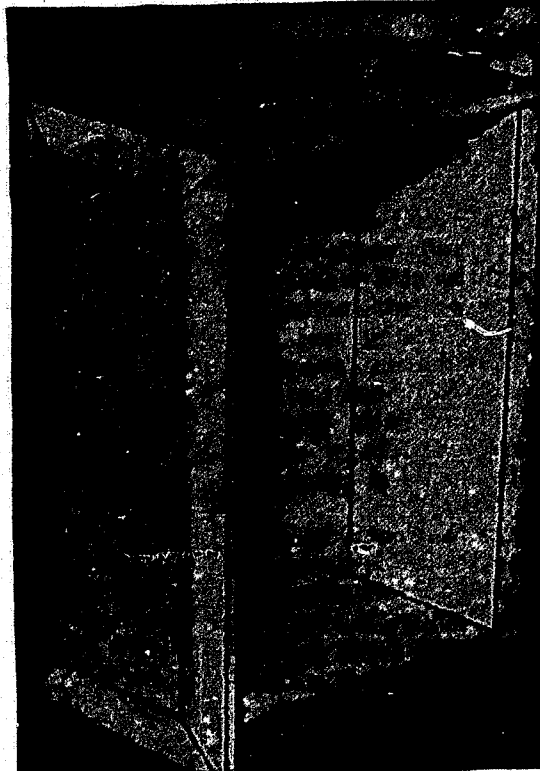
The shelves and table top are merely rectangular pieces that are sawed to size. Assemble these to the end pieces with finishing nails and glue, setting the nails and putting the holes. (See picture B.)

The back panel can be a single sheet of 1/2-inch thick plywood or composition board, or you may use narrow tongue and groove stock for the purpose.

It's no trick at all to make the doors and drawers as detailed on the plan. (See pictures C and D.) When the doors are

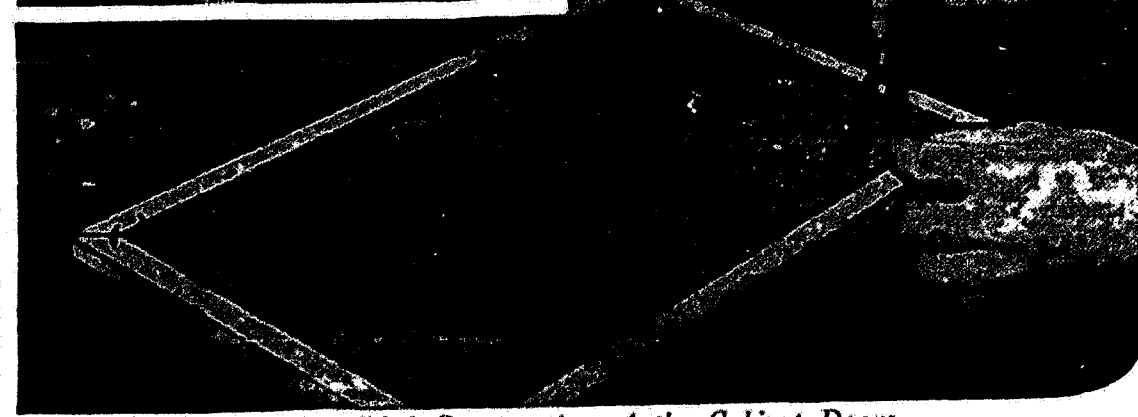


A—Completed Toy Kitchen Cabinet for Girls



B—Preliminary Assembly of the Cabinet

C—(Left) Details of Drawer Construction



D—Simplified Construction of the Cabinet Doors

completed, they are attached to the cabinet with small brass hinges, mortised into both door and cabinet as shown. The knobs pictured are metal, but wooden knobs may be substituted.

This is the point at which you may work out any sort of attractive color and trim for the cabinet that appeals to you.

I painted the original with two all-over coats of ivory enamel. You may go even farther, if you desire, by using a contrasting color—red, green or blue in the case of an ivory ground—on the exposed edges of the end pieces and table top, around the bevels of the door

panels, and any other places. In any case, if I can judge by the reception given the original cabinet by the little lady pictured above, I can safely predict a jolly old time at your house on the morning of December 25, when sister sees what you've made for her!

HANDICRAFT Plan No. 102 gives directions on the construction of a Toy Kitchen Cabinet. To obtain this plan, send ten cents to TOWN, Handicraft Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

OUTDOORS

by MORTIMER NORTON

HUNTING COTTONTAIL RABBIT IS THRILLING SPORT

COTTONTAIL rabbits are to the hunter what panfish are to the angler. Both provide fine sport for the greatest number of rod and gun users. Both are abundant, widespread, and universal favorites. They live close to city, town and farm alike, and they may be taken with minimum time, effort and expense.

When the ground is hidden by a light covering of tracking snow, and the rabbits are in prime condition, it is an ideal time to go after cottontails. On pleasant days these "powder puff" bunnies of the lowlands will be hopping about in search of food early in the morning and in midafternoon. When it is extremely cold, the snow is deep, or a blizzard is blowing, the rabbits will stay quiet in their dens.

Many thousands of cottontails are taken each year. They are to be found in cornfields, meadows, ravines, sparse woodlots, along stone fences, and wherever brush piles are in evidence. But their chosen home-sites are the evergreen swamplands.

There is keener sport and more

skill required in hunting rabbits in the swamplands, where they have the advantage, than in open fields and thin woods, where the dogs may more readily drive them to the waiting hunter. In an area where rabbits are plentiful, though, there will be fast action as the dogs work among the low evergreens, alders, and brush heaps. They will chase the cottontails along regular runways where the gunner may catch glimpses and open fire.

With well-trained hounds, there is much fun to the occasion. The cottontails, being clever fellows, may take the dogs on long and puzzling routes through the swamp, and temporarily elude their pursuers by jumping logs or leaping over water to obliterate the scent. But soon the baffled hounds pick up the broken trail, and their excited barking resumes. The hunter is alert to every sound and movement, and stands ready at some strategic point to level his shotgun, loaded with No. 6 or 7½ shells, and press the trigger.

THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

Continued From Page 10

His boat had slid alongside the floating platform, and he dexterously stepped aboard from his skiff. One could glimpse the moonlight glistening on the gun he held in his hand. He faced the two men, Finch also holding his hands above his head. At the same time the two men who had accompanied Oppermann tied their craft to the raft but remained seated, watching the drama.

Finch broke the curious silence. He motioned with his head.

"Jackson signalling down below," he muttered. "Wants to come up."

A gleam of satisfaction

crossed the face of Sam Oppermann.

"Got the goods, eh? All right, you get to work and haul him up," he commanded. "And no monkey tricks."

As Finch dropped his hands and began working the diving gear again, another man clambered aboard the floating platform from the skiff. He also produced a gun and kept watch on Benson, while Oppermann stared into the black depths out of which a diver was coming.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK:
Jill Is Captured by the Horrible Monster of Loch Lare

YOUR GOOD HEALTH

STOP WORRYING IF YOU WANT TO CURE INDIGESTION

by CLAUD NORTH CHRISMAN, M. D.

THE PATIENT suffering from nervous indigestion deserves perhaps more sympathy and consideration than one suffering from some of the organic troubles. Often enough we can cure the one with a definite disease by means of diet, medication, or even surgery. The nervous patient can be given sedatives to quiet his nerves and advised to quit worrying, to rest, sleep and forget it. Good advice, but who can follow it?

The small business man who finds his income dwindling and his obligations increasing needs money, not medicine. Then we have the store employee who feels miserable and wonders and worries if he can keep well enough to hold the job that is so sadly needed. He goes to lunch and tries to eat. Worry takes his appetite away and he can't eat. He forces down a little food, because he must have nourishment to keep going.

The worried brain sends worried impulses to the digestive

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tract. These impulses are garbled, and digestion fails in its functions. It is a round robin, more worry, more distress, and more worry.

Only a goodly increase in income will cure these people of the racking headaches and undone nerves which induce indigestion. This same worried brain sends garbled messages to other organs. The heart begins to act up, racing, thumping and skipping beats. Too much or too little blood is sent to the brain, causing dizziness or faintness. The ears buzz and the sight is dim by spells. The hands or feet may tingle or become numb. More things to worry about. Yet there is no organic trouble and the organs would do their work all right if this nervous system would behave.

This condition usually occurs before middle life. I have painted a rather doleful picture, but that is what it is to the sufferer. It is not an imaginary trouble. The family could help much if the children, and older people would show more consideration and avoid unnecessary complaining about things they want but could do without.

What can the doctor do? Well, he can gain their confidence and, if he can convince them that they have no killing trouble, he has done a great deal. Nerve sedatives can be given as well as

digestive stimulants, without doping them. We encourage rest, give advice and sympathy, but the patient must do most of it himself.

The nervous housewife who frets because her house is not so clean as the neighbors', who worries because the children do poorly in school, can quit such foolishness.

Such people tell you they do rest. They may lie down, but they spend all the time fretting about the work that is not being done. They must learn to understand that they are handicapped and must realize that they cannot do everything. They must quit thinking of a quick way out by means of surgery, massage and drugs, this doctor and that. They must realize that worrying does not help.

The business man may be compelled to get away for a while. The housewife may have to learn to lie in bed in the morning. These patients have to admit that they can't reform the world but must let the world take care of itself.

Self-restraint and self-control are the main remedies. Why do some suffer and others do not? Some inherit unbalanced nervous systems, and many acquire them. Dissipation, if any, must be stopped. Calm down. Give tired nature a chance; practice self-restraint.

PLEAS.

YOU

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PLEASANT HOMES

by ELIZABETH MacRAE BOYKIN

YOUR CHRISTMAS WILL BE JUST WHAT YOU MAKE IT

WE'D BE willing to bet our favorite china teacups that the lady of the house can make of Christmas what she will. She can make it a glamorously festive occasion that will leave its aura in memories long after . . . She can make it a mystic spiritual day touched with the halo of its symbolic origin . . . She can make it a merry gay time . . . She can make it a drain and a disappointment . . . She can make it a drab, dutiful event.

It depends on whether she puts her emphasis on Things or on Thoughts. It's up to us to make a sincere effort to try to recapture some of the old charm of the day, if we really mean all we've been saying these weeks past about the good old days when Christmas was really something. Don't tell us that you've not made any remarks about how Christmas has gotten to be too much give and take, that the spirit is gone, that it

doesn't mean anything any more. We owe that to our families.

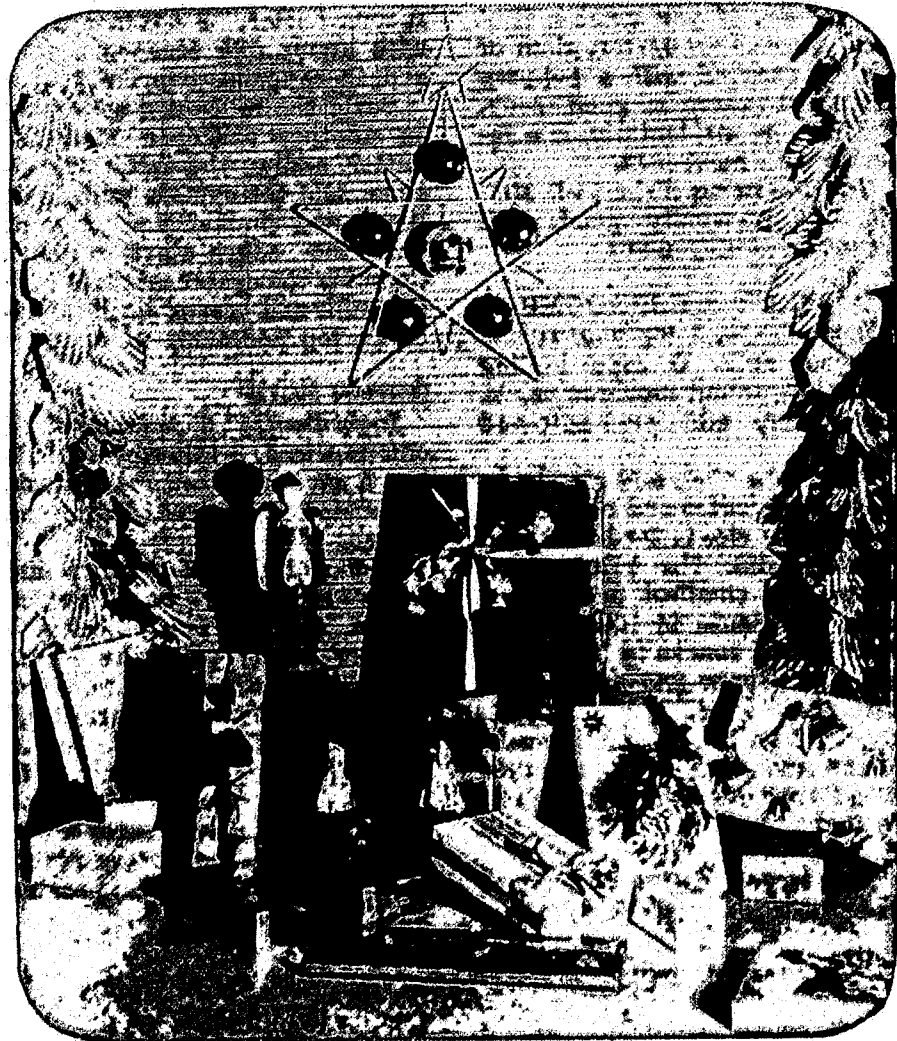
First we have to consider why so much of the lure has gone out of the great day, if it has, and where we've missed our opportunity for recreating the dear joy of other times. Our failure can probably be attributed to the emphasis we have put on the exchange of gifts. Remember that they're to commemorate the Day, rather than that the day is an excuse or necessity for gifts.

Other angles of Christmas deserve emphasis too—Christmas carols, for instance, in your own home. Plan the time that seems to suit your family best . . . Maybe the carols can be for Christmas Eve; maybe early Christmas morning would seem nicest. Either way, make it a tradition in the family to sing carols as a part of the celebration, and see how much more Christmasy the whole house will seem.

Making the Christmas tree decorations is another family custom that will recapture much of the atmosphere that used to pervade the house before Christmas. Making special jellies and preserves for little gifts for people who drop in—that's another way to make your home seem pervaded with the old-time cheer of Christmas. Going to a lot of trouble over gift wrappings is another way to bring the mood of the holiday into the house . . . You see, so much depends on the things you do yourself rather than your frantic buying.

As for gifts, we think they're lovely to give and to receive. Don't misunderstand us here; we wouldn't leave out the gift part for anything. But rather than giving things this year, give thoughts!

GIVE MUSIC, for instance, so that Christmas carols can become a traditional part of the Christmas celebration in your home, either on Christmas Eve or early on Christmas morning.



GIFT WRAPPINGS

Beautiful gift wrappings of unusual design are pictured here. Metallic wrappings predominate, for this is to be a glittery and golden Christmas. The boxes are tied for the most part with ribbon, and caught with sprays of berries, flowers or pine cones. Fancy papers are also tops, as are little pasted-on decorations that children use in kindergarten.

NOW IS TIME TO FINISH CLEANING UP YOUR GARDEN

WITH DECEMBER here, work outdoors will soon stop for the gardener. But there are several things that should be done this month.

If poison ivy has been a menace earlier in the year, dig the plants up now and burn them, but remember to keep gloves on while doing so.

Use an asbestos torch to destroy pests which inhabit your trees. Any cocoons in the crevices of trees can be forced out with a broom. When ridding your trees of pests, be careful not to injure the bark of the trees.

Pulling chickweed from the lawn will provide plenty of outdoor work this month. More efficient, however, is the use of a spray, obtainable from any dealer.

Garden furniture has doubtless been taken indoors by now. Any ornamental objects such as bird baths and statues should also be taken indoors if there is a possibility that they may be injured by the cold.

If you haven't already done so, see that all garden tools are cleaned and oiled before being put away for the winter.

FOR THE INDOOR gardener who is looking for a brilliant plant to add to his collection,

the Hippeastrum is highly recommended. Hippeastrum, also known as Amaryllis, although it is not strictly a member of the Amaryllis family, is long-lived and easy of house culture, and has been a favorite for many years. The straight vigorous stems bear large lily-like flowers, white, red, and pink in color. It is not unusual to see the formation of the flowers even before that of the leaves.

The bulbs may be procured now and should be potted as soon as they are received. Use a pot one inch larger in diameter than the bulb. Soil should be mixed with bone meal and rotted cow manure. The bulbs should be set so that the thick part only is covered with soil. Be sure that the neck of the bulb is completely exposed.

The bulbs are stored in a cool, dark place and watered about once a week. As soon as growth is well established they should be brought to a sunny window. During their most active stage they need plenty of water and a weekly application of fertilizer.

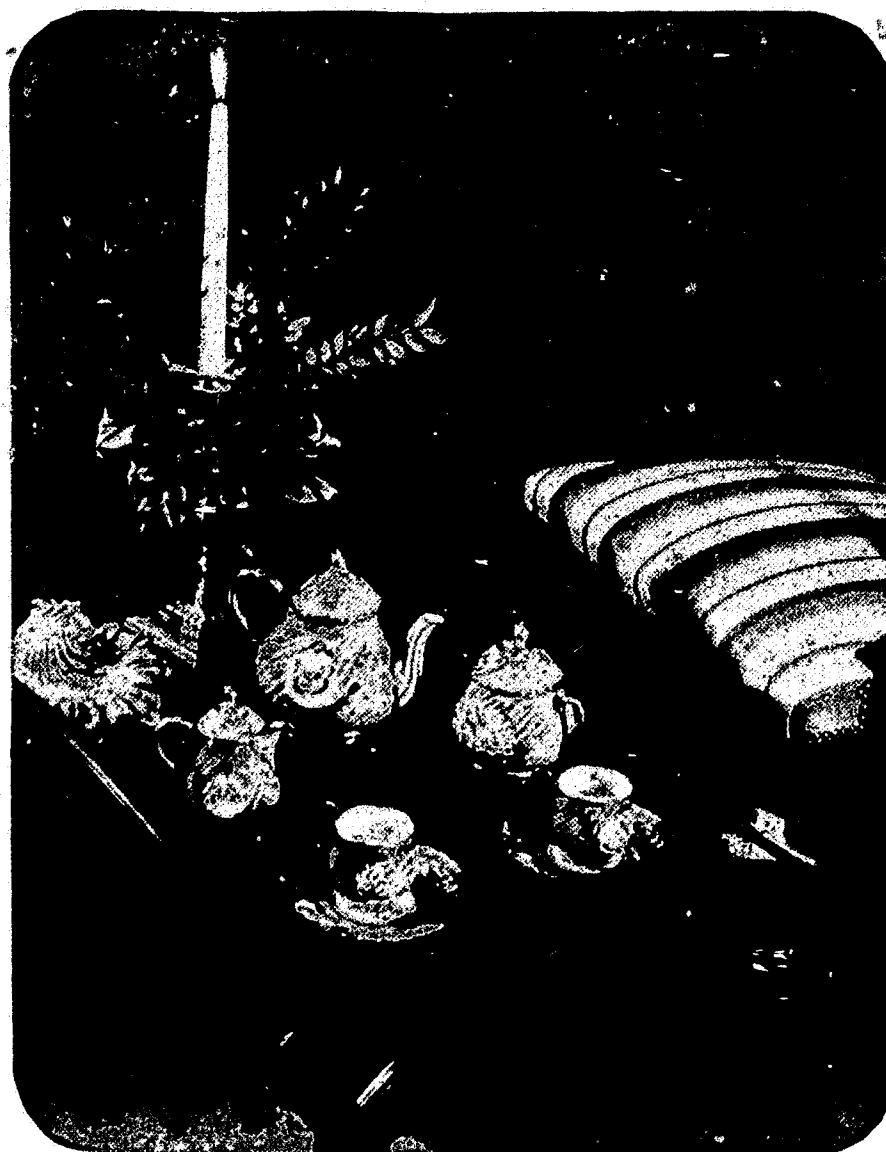
Hippeastrum can be made to live a long time if taken care of properly. Plunge it outdoors in the summer-time, and bring it in to a cool cellar when fall comes. After it has "rested" a while, it can be brought back to

bloom once more in a desired room in your home.

Repotting may be done right after flowering or just at the end of the "resting" period; or the plant may be left in the pot until it breaks through, a practice often recommended for Hippeastrum.

For the moist atmosphere of the kitchen, Baby's Tears is an ideal plant. Moss-like and delicate, this creeping plant has round leaves, all of different size, all very minute. Placed on the kitchen sill, it will add a very dainty touch to the room.

IF YOU'VE been planning to repair your garden equipment or add to it, TOWN'S Garden Editor will be glad to supply information on where to buy any implements you may wish, as well as fertilizers, insecticides, etc. He will also tell you where you may obtain plants, bulbs and seeds, and will arrange to have catalogues sent you. Merely enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request to TOWN, Garden Editor, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.



CHARMING TEA SET

Nothing could be nicer than a beautiful china tea set for a lady's gift. Don't forget that men like tea, too, no matter what they have to say about it, and, anyway, they will think she looks her prettiest over a nicely appointed tea table.

And that music can be part of the family life each day of the year. A small piano would be a lovely thought for this Christmas giving, one of those new little pianos that look so much like the old melodeons or spinets, graceful and space-saving, yet fine instruments to play. Or give a fine new radio to bring the world's great or gay music to your home at the turn of the dial. Or consider a good phonograph or records of loved numbers. (Don't forget how many people still adore phonographs—with good reason.)

GIVE COMFORT so that home will seem like the best place to be on Christmas as well as on any other day—the comfort of a deep easy chair which stands by the fireside awaiting Father's home-coming on wintry nights—the comfort of a little slipper chair for Mother's bedroom, a pretty chair covered in something more luxurious than she'd buy for herself—the comfort of a good family sofa in a material that has a fresh vibrant look about it, yet is made to stand the wear and tear of family use—the comfort of small dignified little cushions that tuck themselves here and there for genial ease—the comfort of a good indirect-light reading lamp.

GIVE GRACIOUSNESS that comes from the extra, not really necessary, things for a house. A truly lovely china tea set brings that quality to a home. So do graceful and convenient small tables for hospitality's sake. Simple beauty in flower containers contributes graciousness, too, as do exquisite little ornaments and the wall brackets that hold them so smartly now.

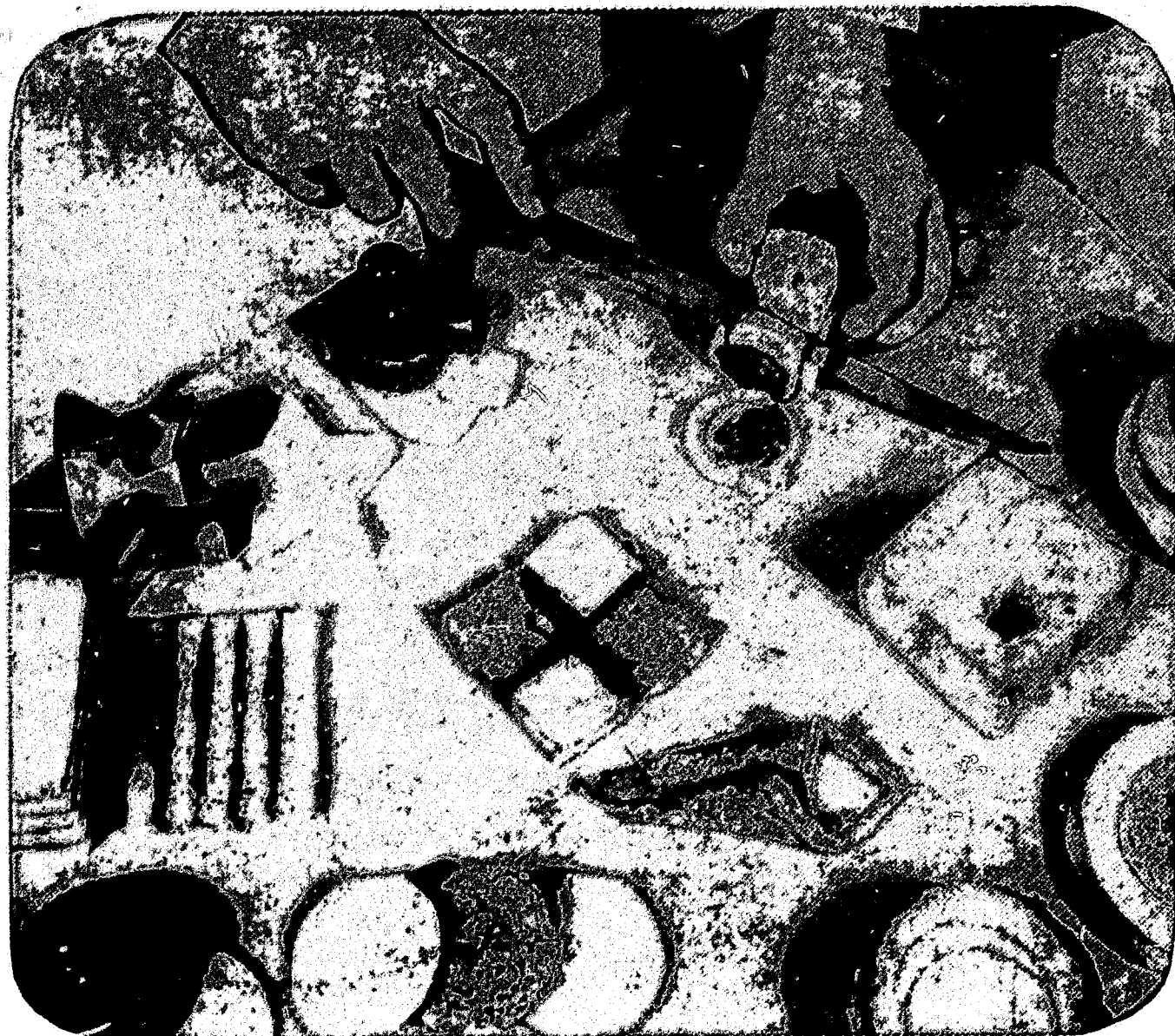
GIVE FASTIDIOUSNESS that we associate with silken linen for the table, with fine count percale sheets appropriately monogrammed, with bath linens of luxurious size and soft resilient quality, with a pretty

painted tray for serving breakfast in bed or meals to an invalid.

GIVE GAYETY to the friends or relations who entertain casually with after-the-movie suppers or golf luncheons. They'll like a painted wooden scoop for serving sliced bread or sandwiches. They'll adore any of the debonair aluminum that goes to parties so jauntily (grand sandwich humidor, Dutch supper servers, bean pots, clam chowder servers and no end of other helps).

GIVE CONVENIENCE if you want to be thanked forever and aye. Pinkie shears are one of our pet ideas for the lady who does any sewing. Thread clippers are another good suggestion. Clipping shears are the choice for the gardener. And have you ever considered how many uses a variety of nice baskets can be put to around a house; they're not expensive either. If there's a man on your mind, consider a set of heavy-duty towels that he can wipe his razor on to his heart's content, or a tool box for that little workshop where he likes to get away from it all. In a more matter-of-fact range, the good, substantial, but not very romantic gifts are the most appreciated of all—an electric refrigerator, an electric sewing machine, an odd-sized electric iron for special jobs, besides all the smaller electrical gadgets, including an electric clock for somebody who missed out on wedding clocks.

But don't try to order Christmas from the store and have it all wrapped up and delivered in a pretty box. You have to create it in your own home just as you create the atmosphere of love and kindness and consideration there by your own example, guidance and cooperation. And now, as always, you have to be subtle with that family of yours and not let them know it all doesn't just happen that way!



NOVEL PARTY SANDWICHES

If you're tired of serving the same kind of sandwiches when entertaining at a little party, here are some novel sandwich ideas. Here's how to make them: **PINWHEEL SANDWICHES**—Trim crusts from loaf, cut lengthwise. Spread slices with any desired spread of a creamy consistency. Roll firmly the narrow way. Small stuffed olives, nut meats or hard-cooked eggs make an attractive center for the roll if desired. **GROUSTADES**—Cut bread in 2-inch-thick slices. Hollow out each slice, and trim edges to form box. Brush with melted butter and bake until a delicate brown. **CHECKERBOARD SANDWICHES**—Remove crusts from a loaf of whole wheat bread. Cut 5 lengthwise strips of white and 4 strips of whole wheat bread 1 inch square. Butter all but the outside edges with softened butter. Put together checkerboard fashion with cream cheese. **RIBBON SANDWICHES**—Remove crusts from 4 slices bread, 2 white and 2 whole wheat if you like. Put them together with different fillings, wrap in waxed paper and chill. Cut down through the 4 layers in thin slices.

TEMPTING, DAINY SANDWICHES DELIGHT GUESTS

by

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THERE IS rarely an occasion—outside of a formal dinner—where sandwiches are not appropriate. On a moment's notice they'll save the day for you deliciously and economically. Serve big, hearty ones for your buffet suppers. Serve fancier ones, perhaps toasted, for a Sunday night supper. Serve an assortment of dainty ones with crisp cookies or little frosted cakes and salted nuts for formal teas or bridge snacks.

With a little patience and this week's illustration to guide you, you can make professional-looking little sandwiches for your tea parties or those occasions when some course on your regular menu needs brightening. A small fancy sandwich with a piquant filling can save a drab salad or add appeal to a perfect one. Serve a tiny rolled celery or watercress sandwich on the plate beside a glass of chilled tomato juice or fruit juice cocktail. Day-old bakery bread will be best for fancy sandwiches, as it will hold its shape better than

the fresh or home-made kinds. Here are sandwiches, plain and fancy, for all occasions:

BAKED BEAN SANDWICHES
Ingredients: 16 round slices, sliced thin and buttered, 1½ cups baked beans, ½ cup sweet pickle relish, 8 slices tomato, sliced thin, 4 slices bacon.

Mix the beans and relish and spread on half the bread slices. Place a tomato slice on each of the remaining rounds of bread and top each one with ½ slice of bacon. Place all the rounds under the broiler and cook until the beans are heated and the bacon crisp and evenly browned. Put the sandwiches together and serve at once.

SALAD SANDWICH LOAF
Ingredients: 1 sandwich loaf, mayonnaise, salt, 2 sliced tomatoes, ½ cup cheese-relish spread,

½ cup finely shredded lettuce, 2 packages cream cheese, ¼ cup light cream, parsley, watercress, radish roses.

Remove the crusts from day-old sandwich bread. Cut in 4 lengthwise strips. Place the bottom slice on a platter and spread with mayonnaise, then cover with the thinly sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt. Spread another slice of bread with mayonnaise and turn dressing side down over the tomatoes. Spread the top of this with a generous layer of cheese-relish spread and cover with the third slice of bread. Spread this slice with mayonnaise and cover with finely shredded crisp lettuce and sprinkle with salt. Spread fourth slice of bread with mayonnaise and place dressing side down on the lettuce. Blend the cream cheese with enough cream to soften and spread over the outside of the sandwich as though you were frosting a cake. Decorate with parsley and watercress and roses made from tiny tender radishes. Chill for 1 hour or more before serving. Cut in slices ½ inch thick. 12 servings.

NUTBREAD TEA CRISPS

Ingredients: 12 slices nut-bread, ½ cup butter, ½ cup brown sugar.

Cream the butter until soft and blend well with the sugar. Spread the mixture over the nut-bread slices and brown about 5 minutes in a hot oven until the topping becomes like syrup. Cool a few minutes before serving. If you wish, the crisps may be cut in fingerlike strips. Delicious with tea or any hot beverage.

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You can usually forego any first course, especially if you serve "snacks" before announcing dinner. If you want a first course, serve an oyster, clam or shrimp cocktail with a peppery sauce, or serve a good soup. Onion soup, incidentally, is a favorite with most men.

The following dishes, all simple but unusually good, will please most any man:

WILD RICE, MUSHROOMS

Ingredients: 1 cup wild rice, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 cups boiling water, ½ pound mushrooms, ¼ cup butter, additional salt and pepper.

Wash the rice, add slowly to the boiling water and cook slowly until the rice is tender. Drain. Peel and slice the mushrooms, saving the smallest ones for a garnish. Saute in butter until light brown, season to taste with salt and pepper and mix lightly with rice. Place in a casserole, garnish with the small mushrooms and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes—long enough to heat thoroughly and blend the flavors.

This is good either with roast and stuffed domestic duckling or

with the wild duck that the hunter brings home. Incidentally, when you roast the latter, clean and wash thoroughly and place a large onion in the body cavity. Season well with salt and pepper. Place strips of bacon across the breast of each duck and roast in a hot oven. Most hunters like their wild ducks rather rare.

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Ingredients: 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups light cream, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 dozen oysters with liquor, 1½ teaspoons salt, a dash cayenne, paprika.

Scald the milk in a saucepan. In another saucepan melt the butter, adding the salt and cayenne. Add the oysters with their liquid and simmer 2 minutes or until the edges start to curl. Combine the oyster mixture with the milk and cream dash paprika on top and serve at once.

ONION SOUP

Ingredients: 6 medium-sized onions sliced, 3 tablespoons butter, 5 cups seasoned meat stock, 4 rounds toast, grated Parmesan cheese.

Peel and slice the onions and saute in butter until golden brown. Add the meat stock and simmer gently until the onions are tender, about 30 minutes. Turn into individual "marmites," place a round of toast on top of each, sprinkle generously with grated Parmesan cheese and place under the broiler for a few minutes until the cheese starts to brown. Serve at once, passing additional cheese.



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Here's something new in tasty desserts for the family—a steamed chocolate pudding. To make it, sift 2 cups cake flour once, measure, add 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda and ¼ teaspoon salt, and sift together three times. Cream ½ cup butter or other shortening, add ½ cup sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Add 1 egg, well beaten, and 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, beating until smooth. Add flour, alternately with 1½ cups milk, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Turn into greased mold, fill ¾ full, cover tightly and steam 2 hours. Serve with hard sauce. Serves 10.

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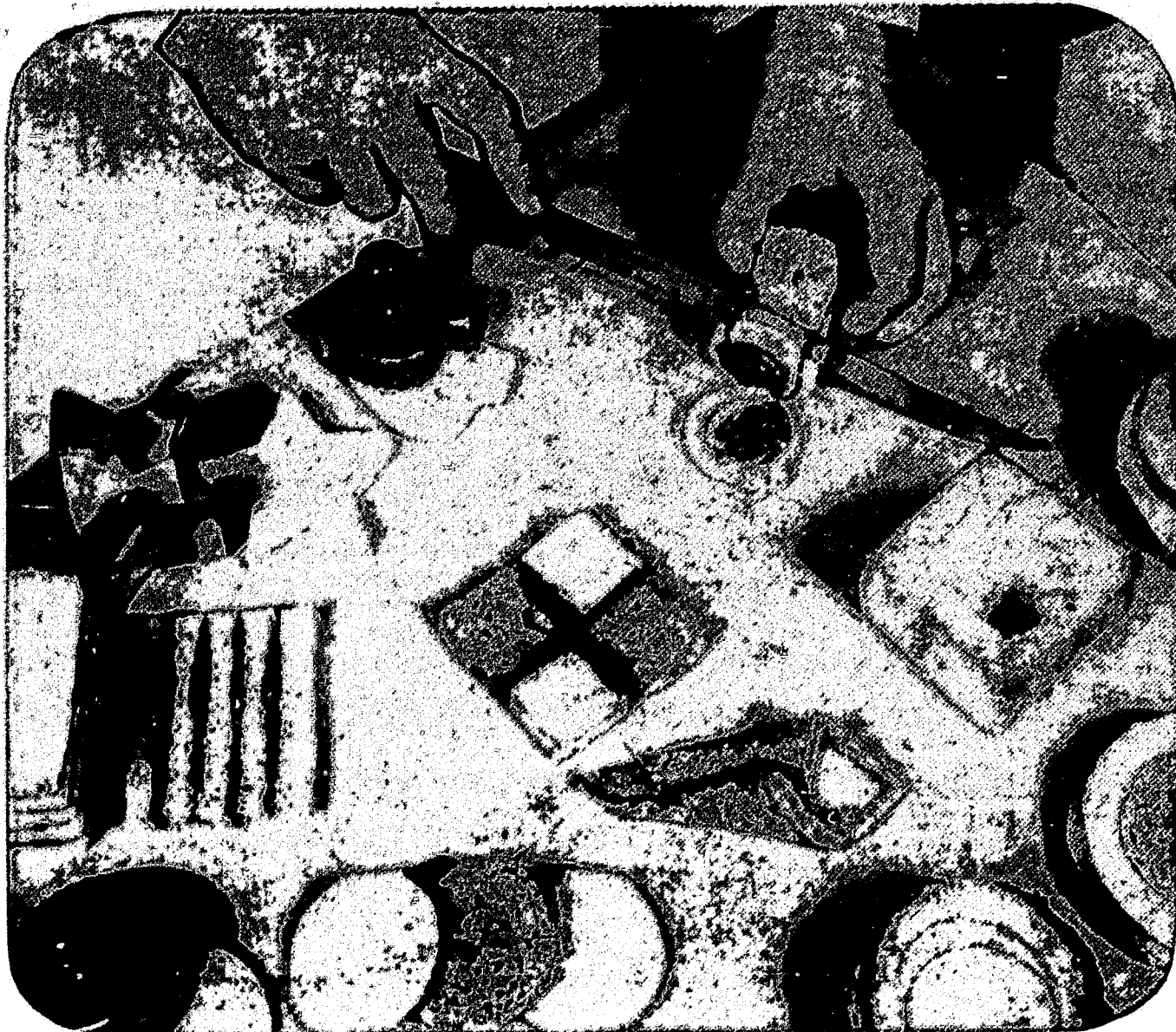
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Ingredients: 12 slices nut-bread, ½ cup butter, ½ cup brown sugar.

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CANNED salmon, sardines and tuna are rich in vitamin D, the vitamin that aids bone growth and prevents rickets.

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Same size and same lovely fragrances previously sold for \$1.00. Two different fragrances, or two of the same fragrance, no difference in price. Make fine gifts.

Order From Your Druggist or Direct From
HESS, 113 North Water Street, Rochester, New York

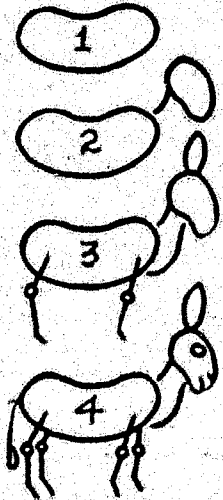
Please send me, postpaid, the fragrances checked above.
Enclosed is remittance, \$1 for each two fragrances checked.

Name
Address

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?



HOW TO DRAW A DONKEY. STEP BY STEP DRAWING LESSON FOR LITTLE ARTISTS.

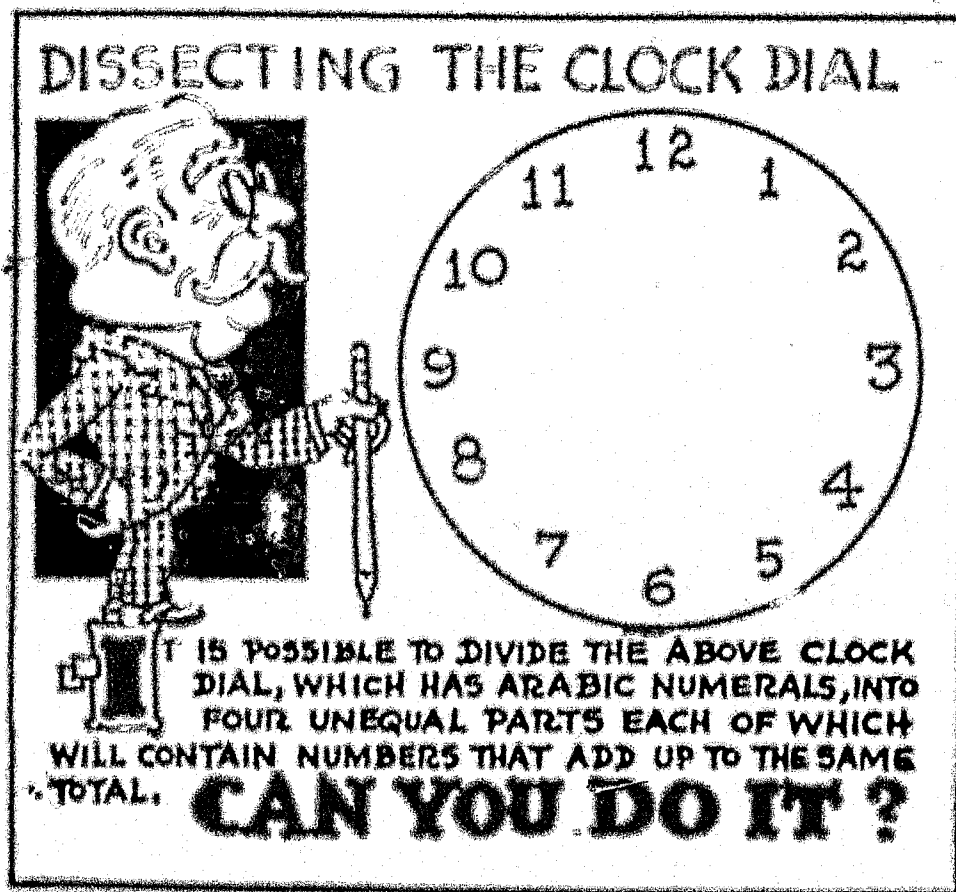
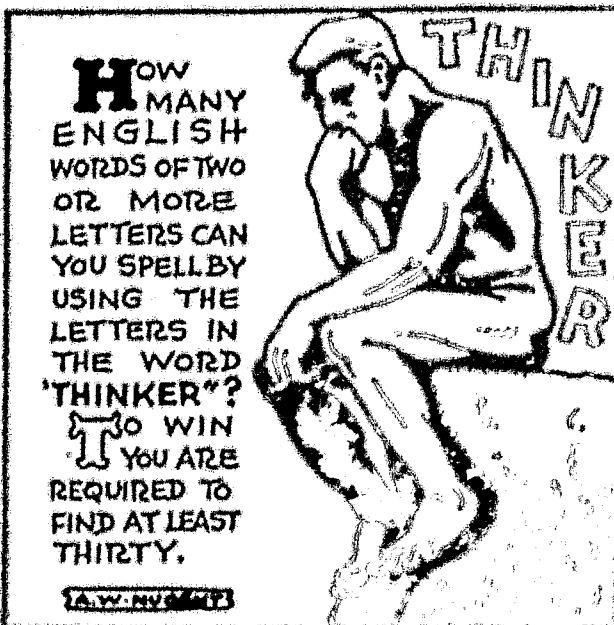
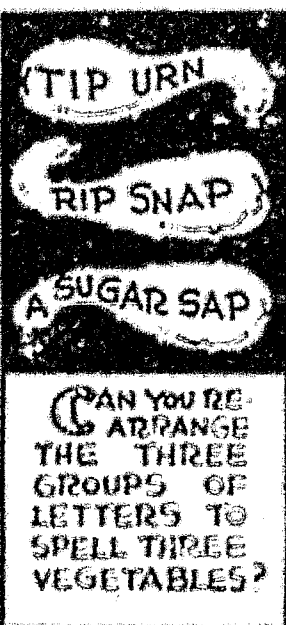
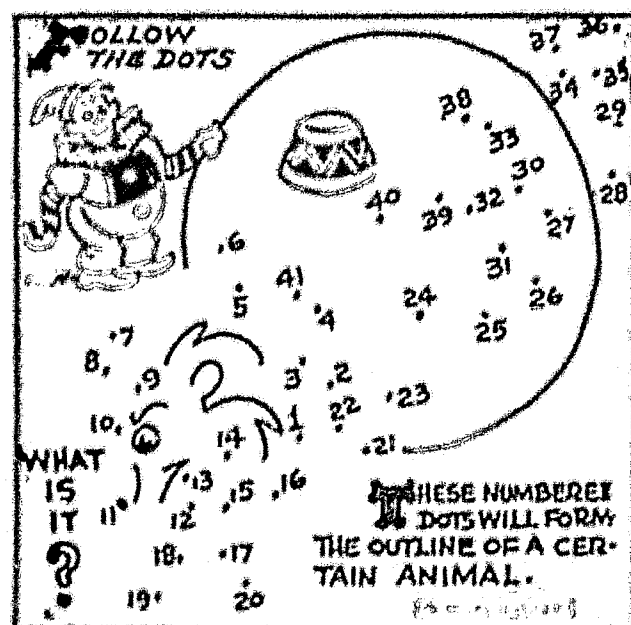
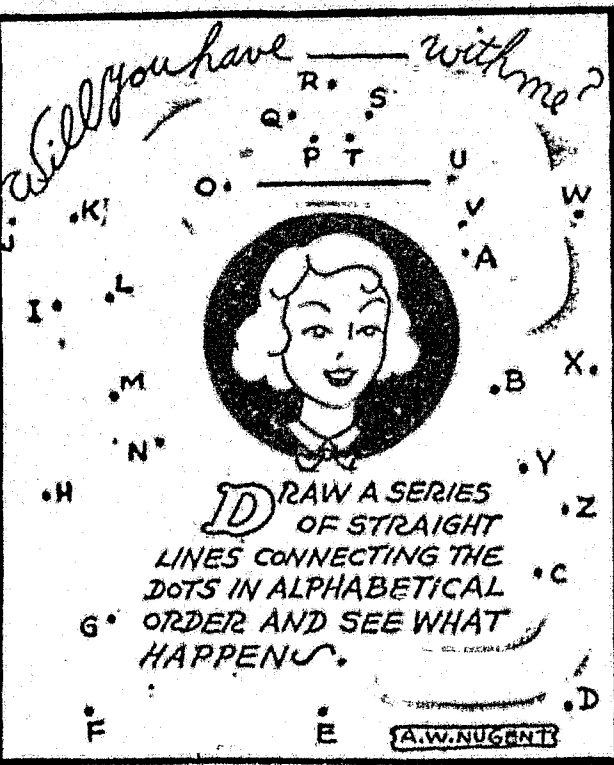


WORD JUMPING

CHANGE THE WORD SICK TO WELL IN FOUR JUMPS. SUBSTITUTE ONE LETTER TO SPELL ANOTHER ENGLISH WORD IN MAKING EACH MOVE.

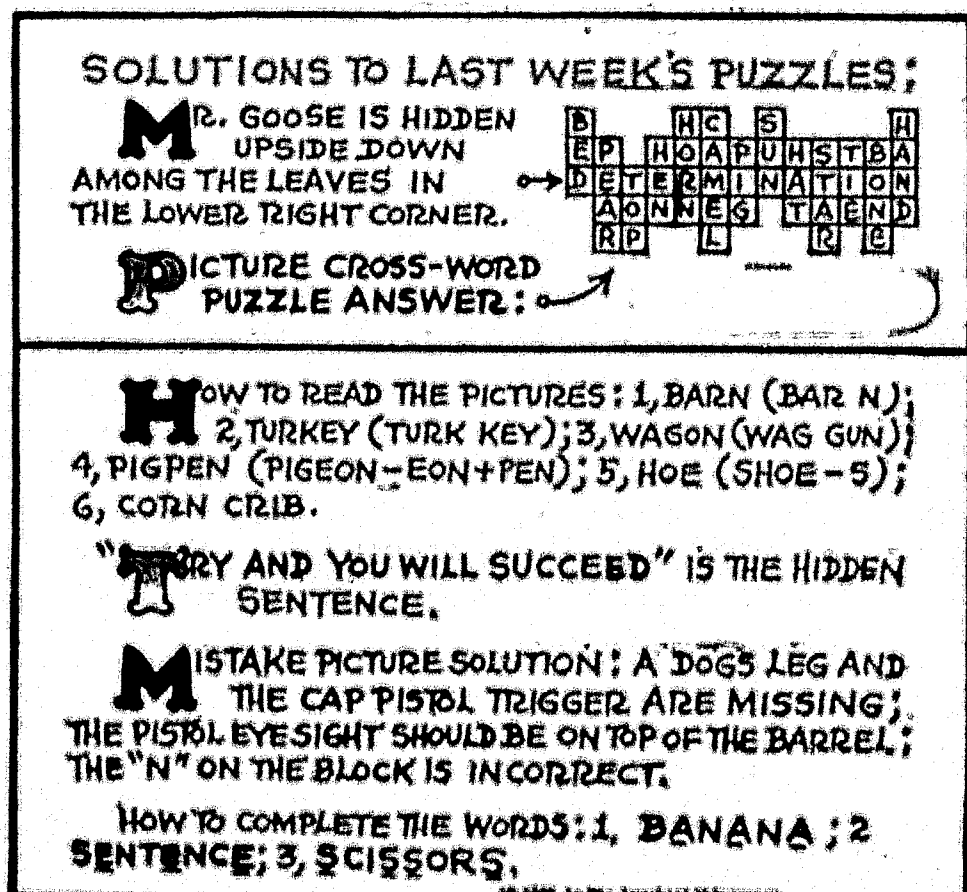
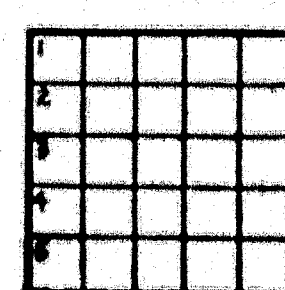
SICK

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. WELL

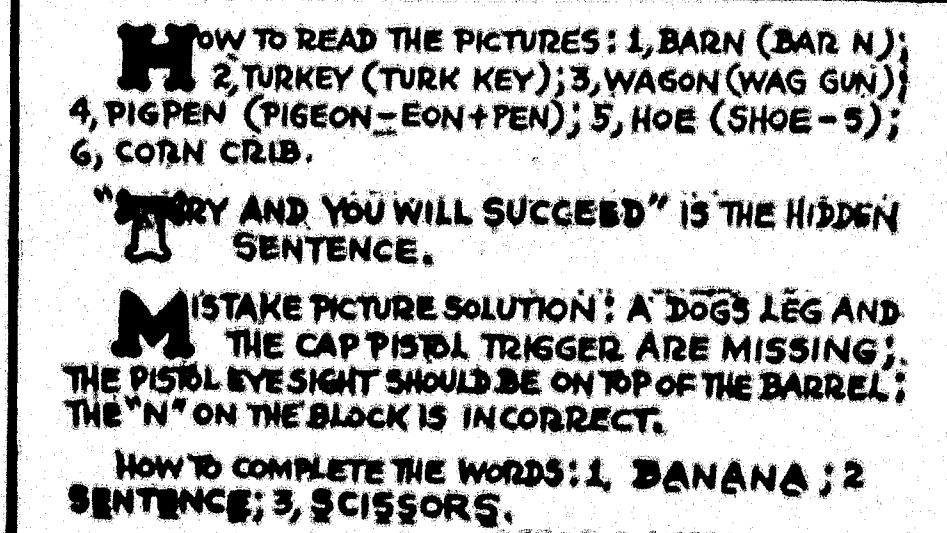
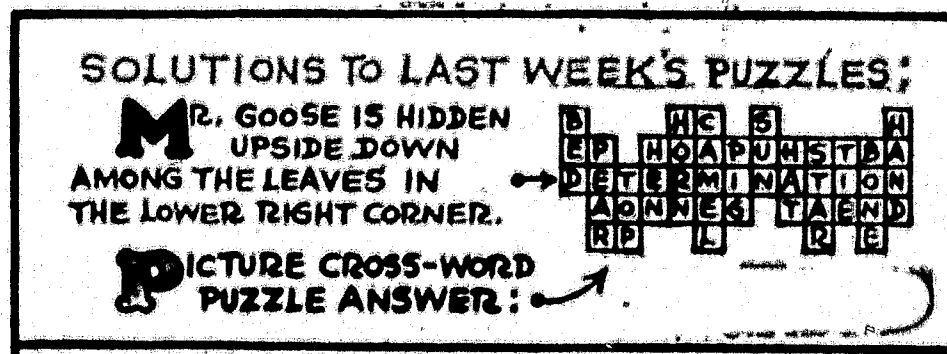
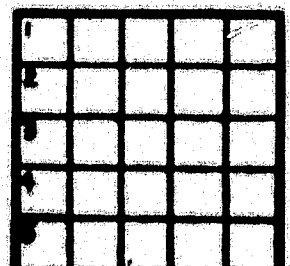
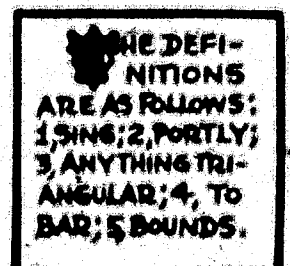
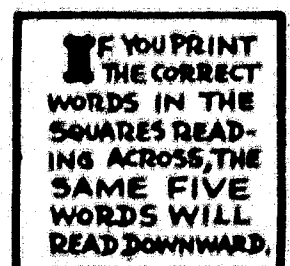
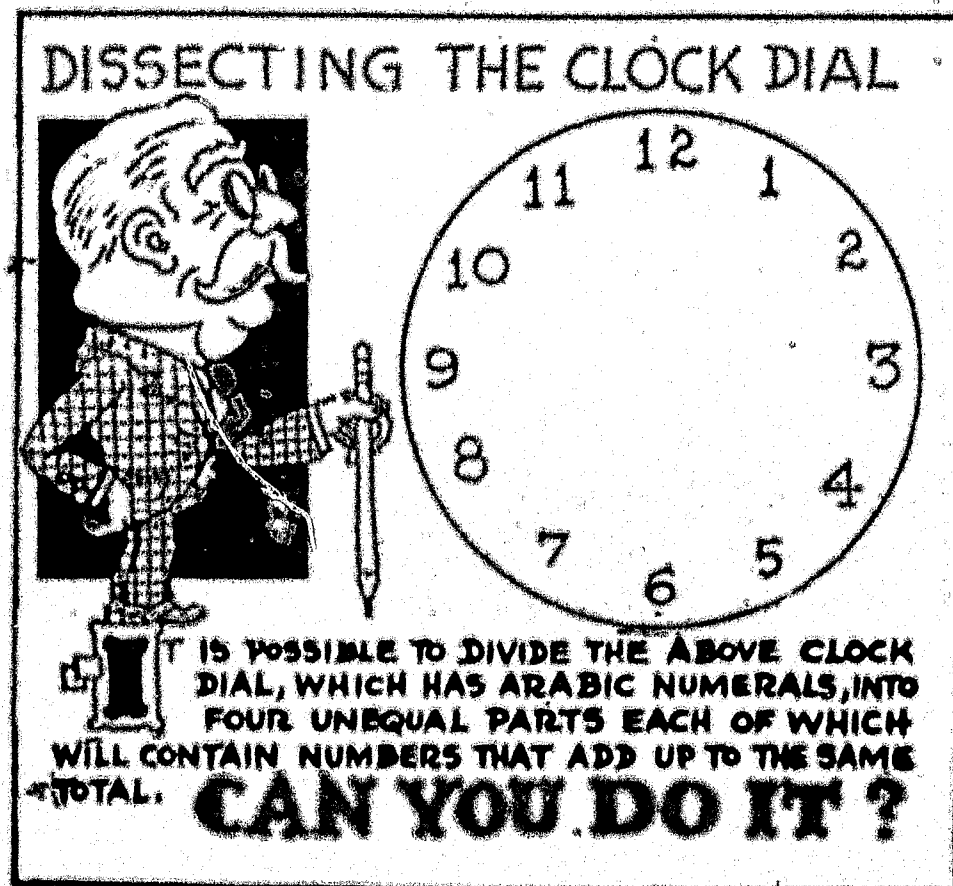
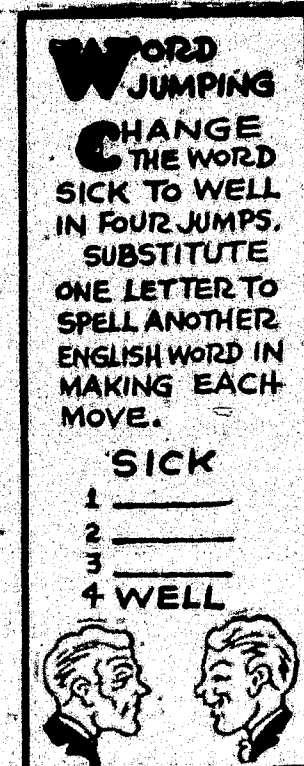
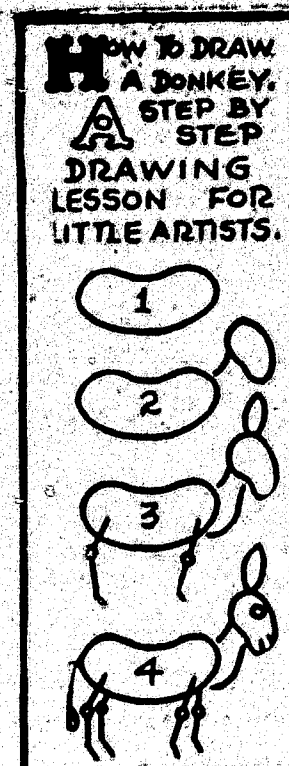
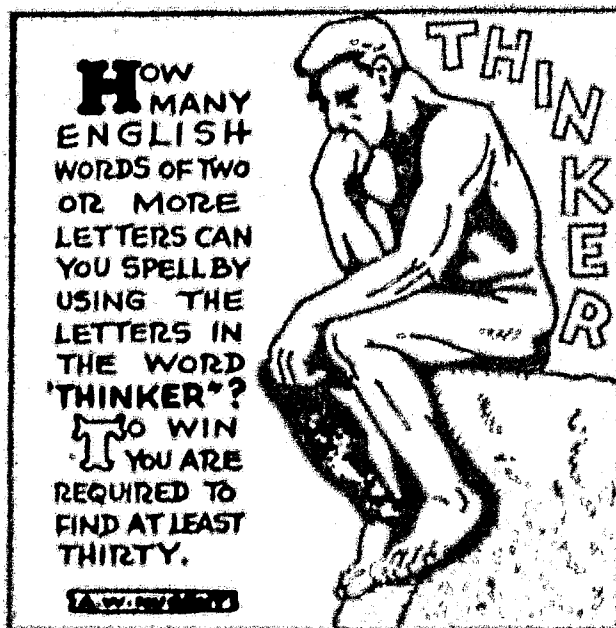
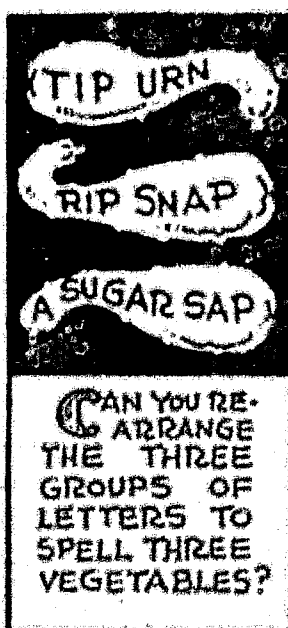
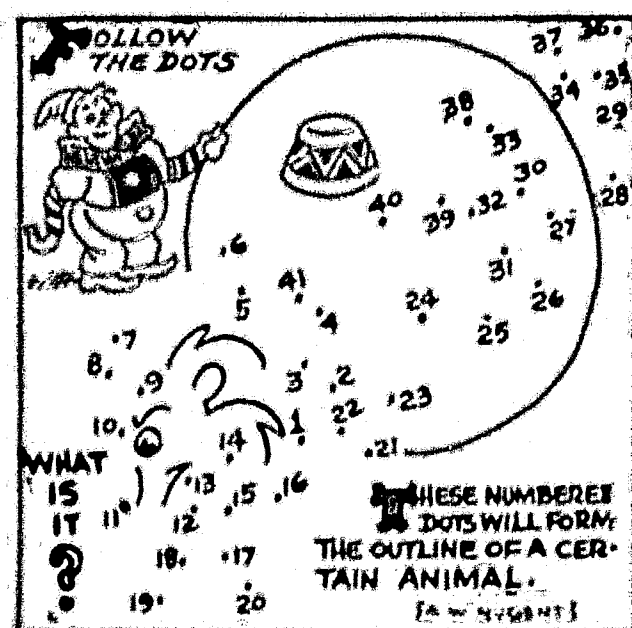


IF YOU PRINT THE CORRECT WORDS IN THE SQUARES READING ACROSS, THE SAME FIVE WORDS WILL READ DOWNWARD.

THE DEFINITIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS:
1. SING; 2. PORTLY;
3. ANYTHING TRIANGULAR; 4. TO BAR; 5. BOUNDS.



CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?



OFFICERS 1939 CONS

The first session of the Agricultural Program for the year of community activities. On the committee there were Smith, Bethel, W. Russell, Vice D. Hastings, member. The into nine committees which has a members. The men elected in the first named by the second vice Southern Oxford R. N. Lowell, Pe Fryburg-Harrence Eastman, Kexar Valley L. W. Marston, Norway-Oxford ton, Arthur Hay Paris-John M. bott, Nestor Tom Hebron-Buckf nant, Gerald Be Keene Bethel-William Stearns, Fred W Rumford-Water Bailey, How Androsoggon F. Tripp, J. G. Irish

A meeting for these community will be held at Tuesday, Dec. 6 things to be inc gram are—1. calculating fa goals; 2. Demon out applications phosphate on a 3. Methods used tato allotments; 1939 program; a form the farmer

BREEDING SCH DAIRYMEN, DE

Oxford County have an excellent bring themselves progress in dai County Agent R. A two-day dai with speakers di pus of the Unive to be held Dec. 8 in South Paris.

The program breeding schools like this. Dr. J. department of a the University of the school with a physiology of shown in dairy R. F. Talbot, the Maine Extens speak on fundam inheritance. He how some of the racteristics, like mitted to the ne will then present information on t more complex ch as ability to prod terfat.

Ralph Corbett, specialist in the Service, will att men how they ma this information l herds. In most o men will also tak cussion.

All dairy herd ocation member rymen are invited

SNOW COVERS

Bethel fared b sections of the S storm Friday. Ma marooned in the v ern part of the throughout New fault and hazard roads in this vic at all times.